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FUNNY PICTURE STORIES

MYSTERY---THRILLS---ACTION

IT LOOKED LIKE
SIDNEY, SO I BROKE
YOUR RUBBER



JULY

1938

10¢



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Here's a Barrel of Good News

Your Uncle Joe is certainly pleased to announce a big increase in our comic magazine family. In addition to FUNNY PAGES, FUNNY PICTURE STORIES, STAR COMICS and STAR RANGER with which you are all familiar, Uncle Joe now has enlarged the family to include three new magazines. These are as follows:

1. COWBOY COMICS—which will bring you the cream of cowboy and western story funnies.
2. KEEN DETECTIVE FUNNIES—chock full of hair-raising detective adventure comics to bring thrills galore.
3. LITTLE GIANT COMICS—a new kind of comic magazine with 128 pages—twice as many comics—twice as thick—and twice as good and funny—in a new convenient pocket size!

I feel sure you will enjoy every one of our new comic magazines just as much as you have enjoyed our other publications. And, just wait until you see the many new big features coming in future issues.

Now, here's a big surprise for you—a new club that everyone can join. It's called:

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB

You probably have often heard your mother or teacher explain the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." To join our new club, you must promise to always follow the Golden Rule—and to be polite and considerate to your friends and neighbors, both near and far. If you always do this, you will be a *real* Good Neighbor, and you will find that you will have friends galore!

In addition, to become a member of our club, you must perform a Good Neighbor deed *now*—by giving one or more copies of the current issues of our comic magazines to any one of your friends or playmates who is sick and must stay in bed or in the house—or to some boy or girl who cannot get copies for themselves. Be sure to give them brand new, fresh copies. These will entertain and aid them in getting better because, as you know, if you can make people laugh, they get well quickly and forget their troubles.

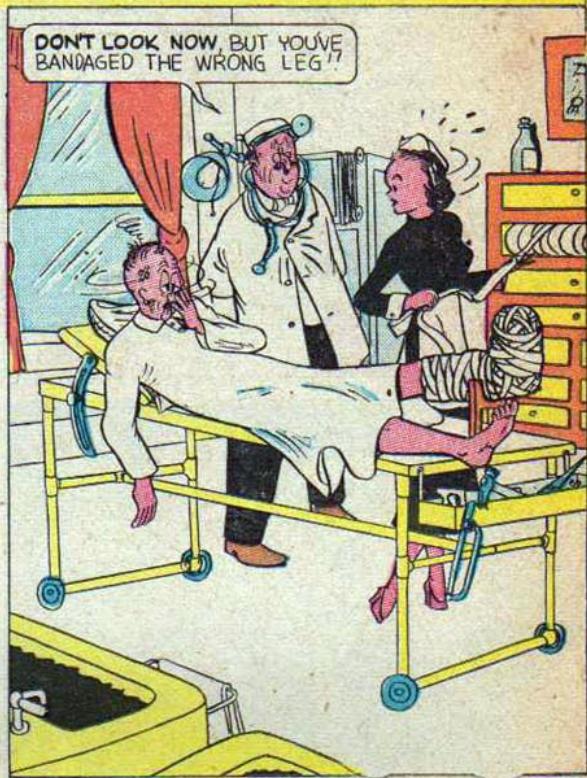
After you have done this, write me a letter asking to become a member of our Good Neighbor Club, telling me about *your* Good Neighbor deed for this month—what magazines you took to your friends and how they liked them. Mail your letter to me care this magazine, Room 1821, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City. As soon as I get your letter, I'll send you a swell membership card and membership button which you can show to your friends.

Uncle Joe
EDITOR

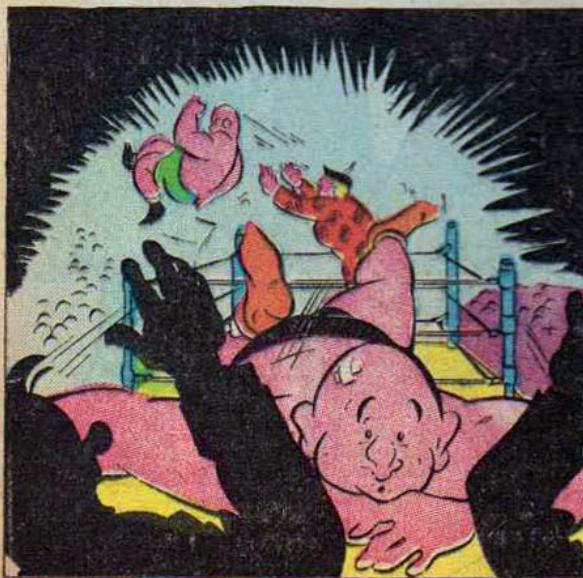
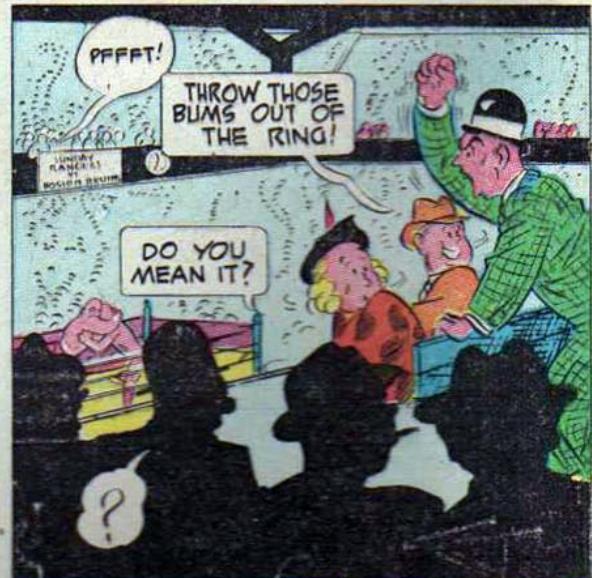
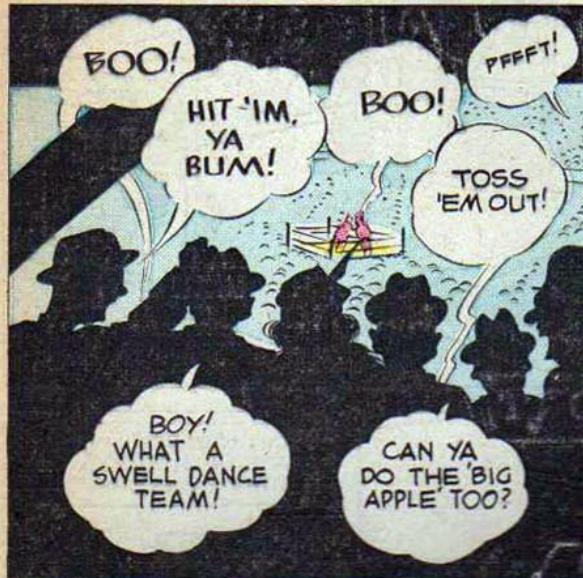
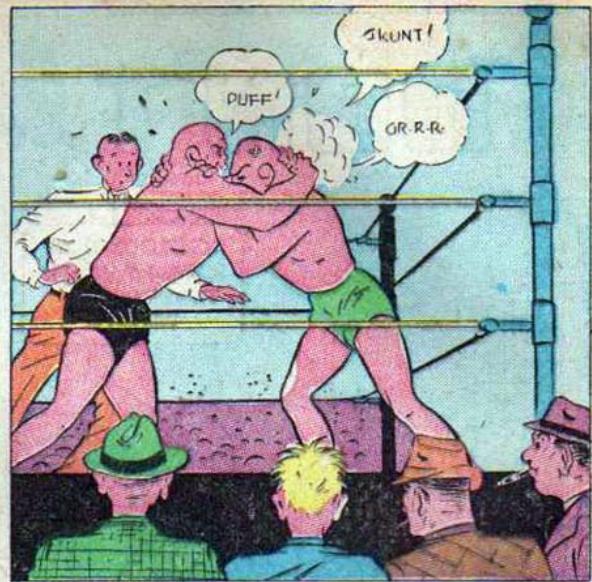
PRIZE WINNERS—JIMMY STRONG CONTEST

A brand new dollar bill has been sent to each of the following: Wamie Byrd, St. George, S.C.—Frankie De Carlie, Gilroy, Calif.—Al. Goldberg, Brooklyn, N.Y.—Camille Methot, Dalhousie, N.B., Canada—and Victor E. Moe, Seward, Alaska. Jimmy Strong wants to thank all the other members of the Circulation Club who tried so hard to win, and is glad to announce that there will be other big contests soon for those who always live up to their membership pledge.

DON'T look NOW



Rough House Annie

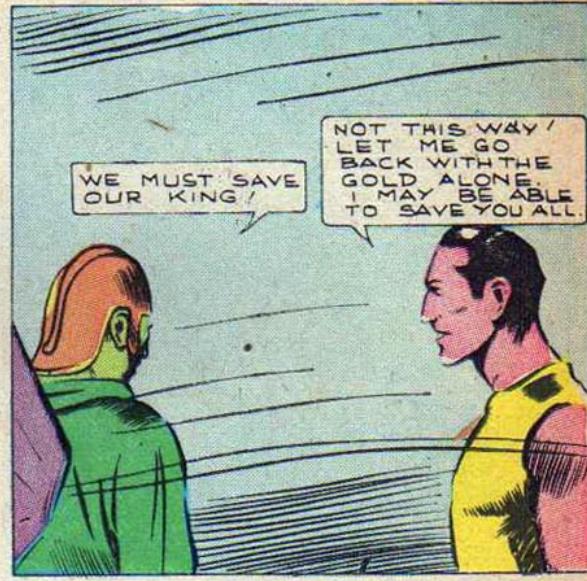
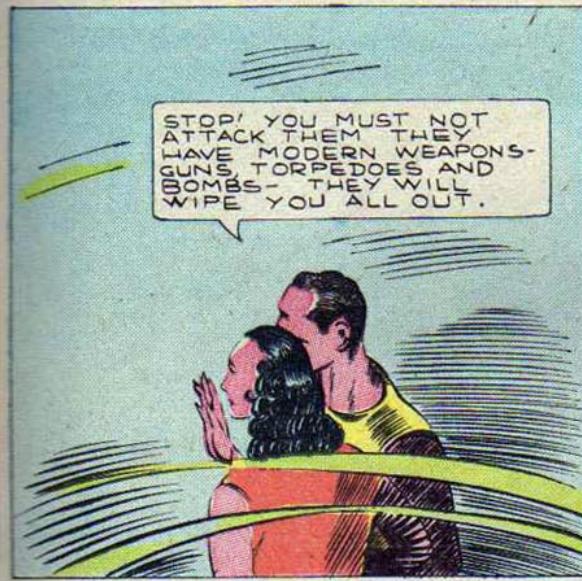


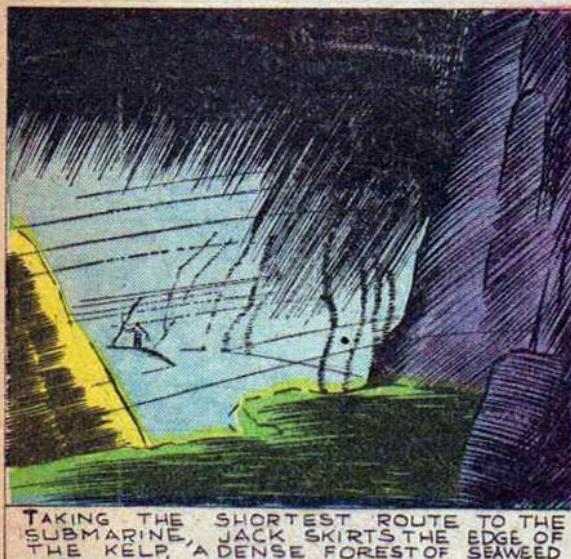
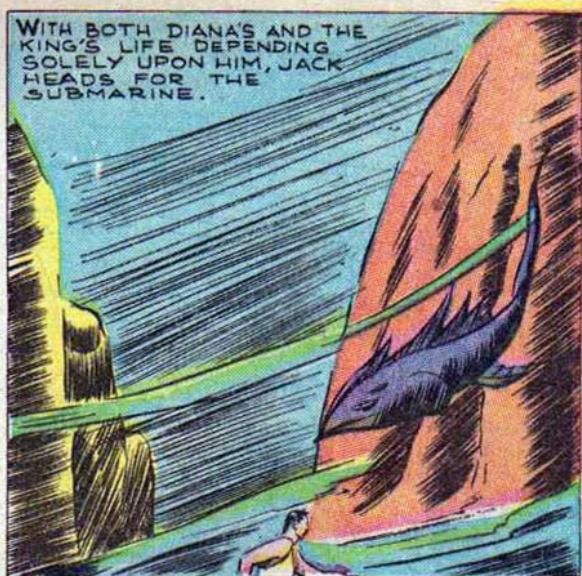
Jack STRAND

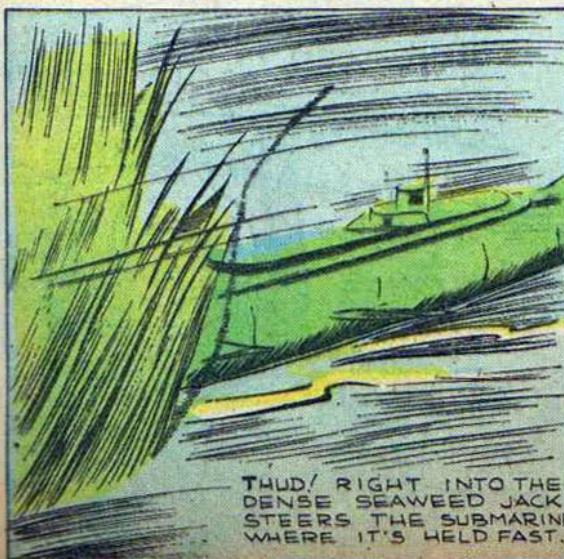
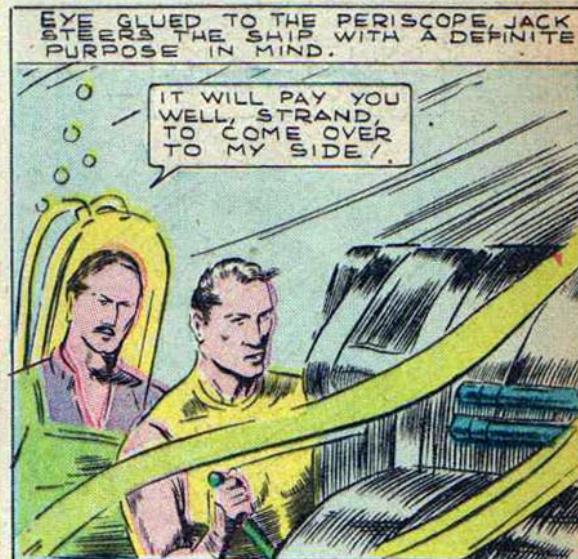
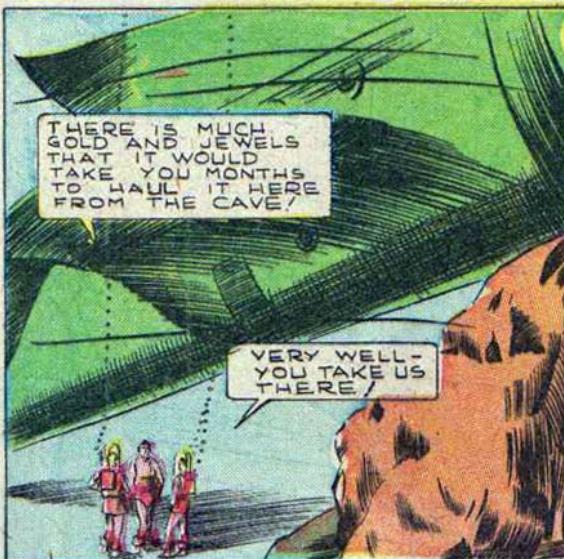
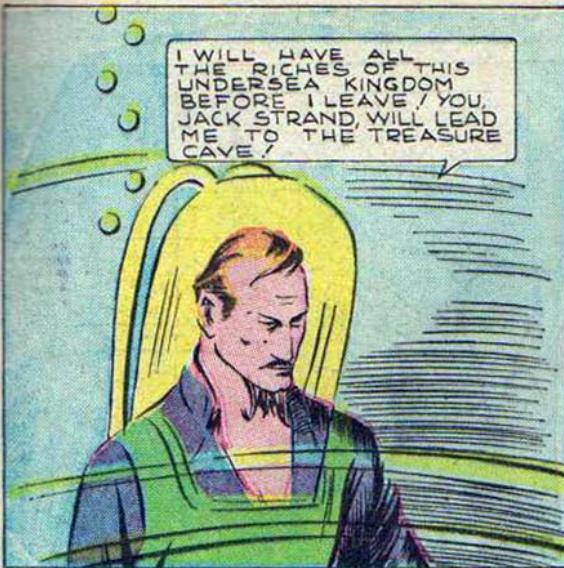
WHILE EXPLORING THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM OF MILO, JACK SEES A TIME BOMB IN THE SUNKEN WRECK. ACTING SWIFTLY, HE DRAGS DIANA AND KING MILO OUT JUST BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.

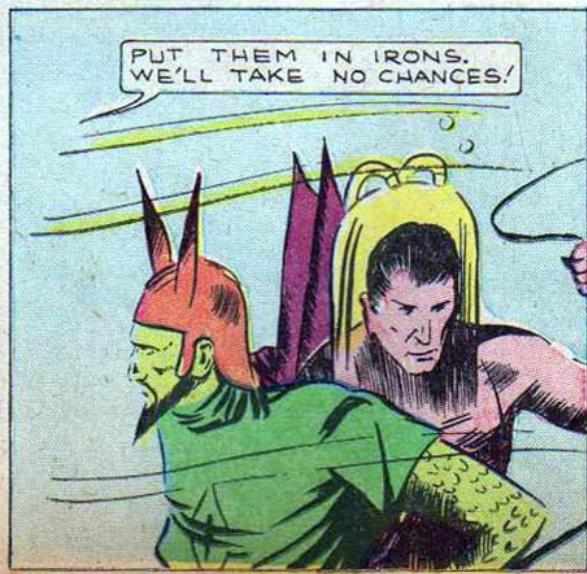
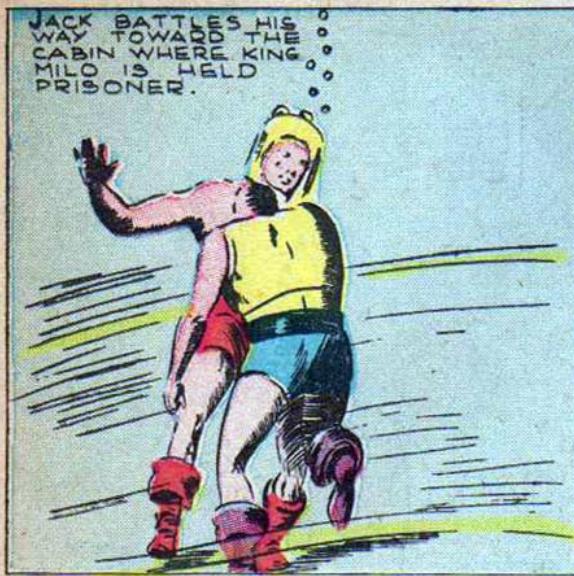






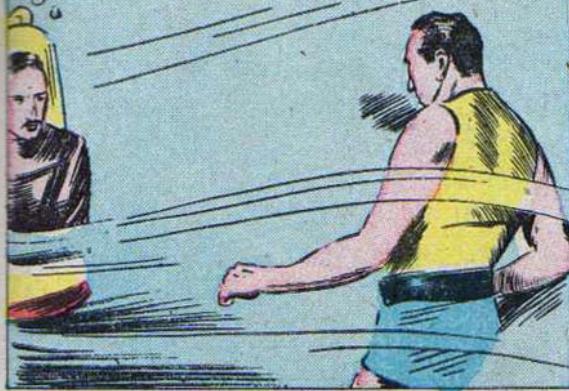






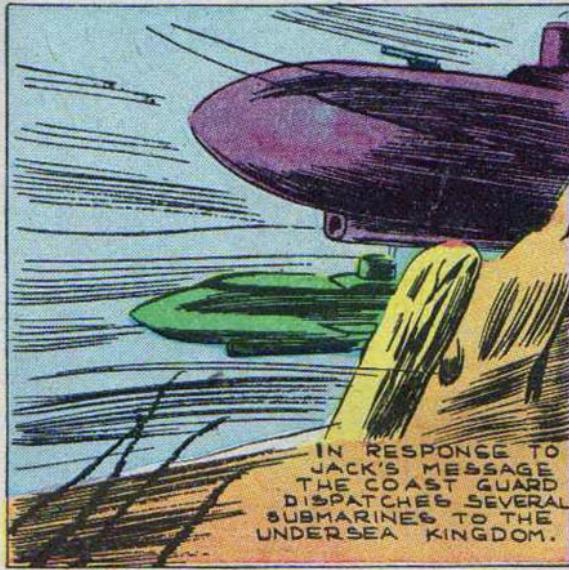
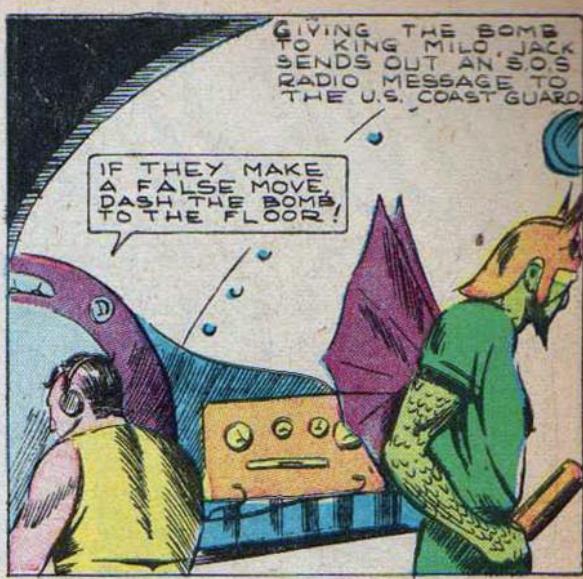
TAKING A DESPERATE CHANCE, JACK BREAKS AWAY FROM HIS CAPTORS AND GRABS A DEADLY BOMB!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE — OR I'LL BLOW YOU ALL TO PIECES!

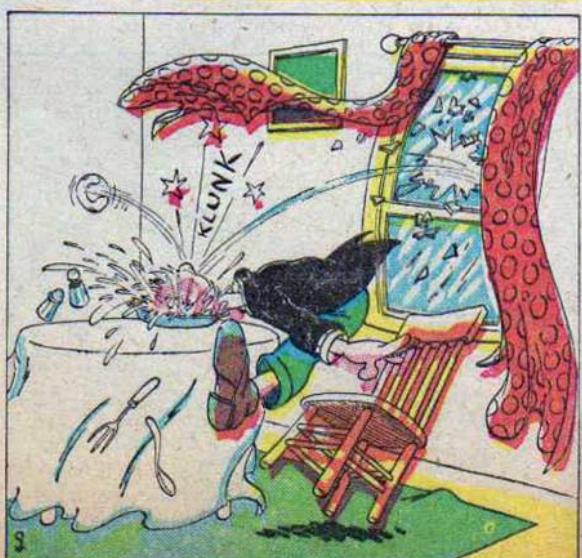
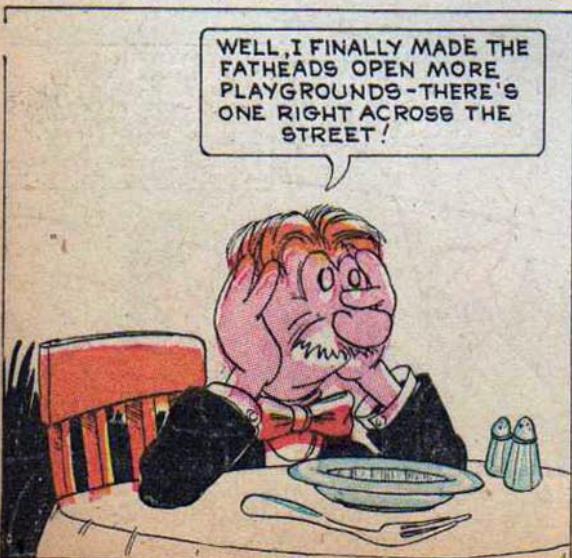
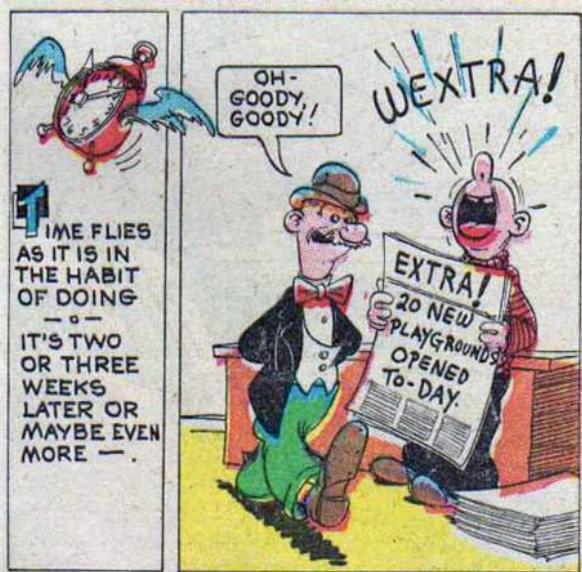
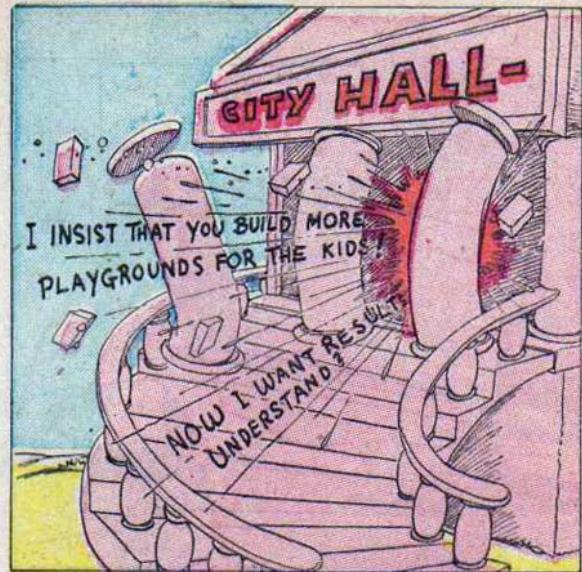


GIVING THE BOMB TO KING MILO, JACK SENDS OUT AN SOS RADIO MESSAGE TO THE U.S. COAST GUARD.

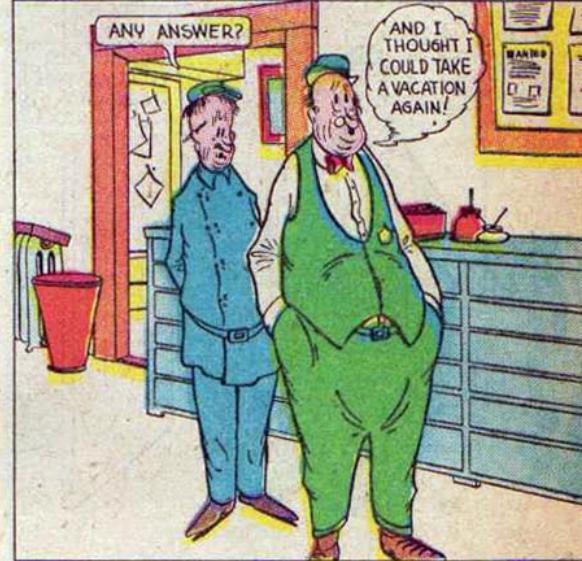
IF THEY MAKE A FALSE MOVE, DASH THE BOMB TO THE FLOOR!

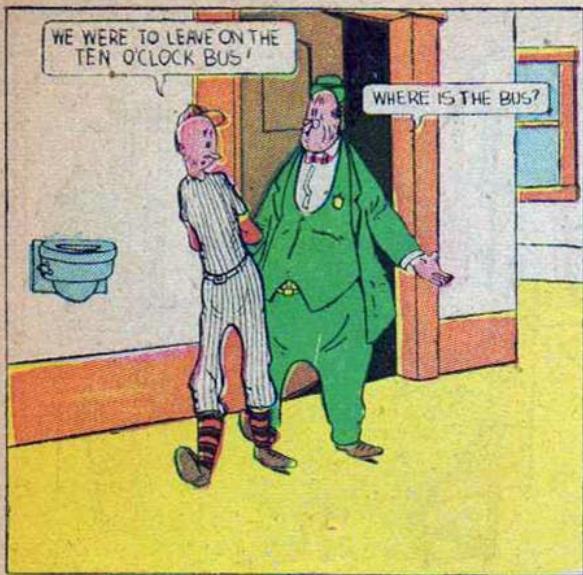


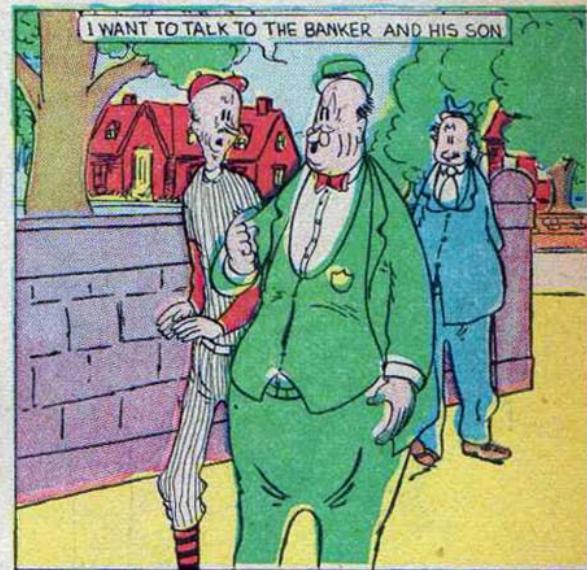
Wilbur

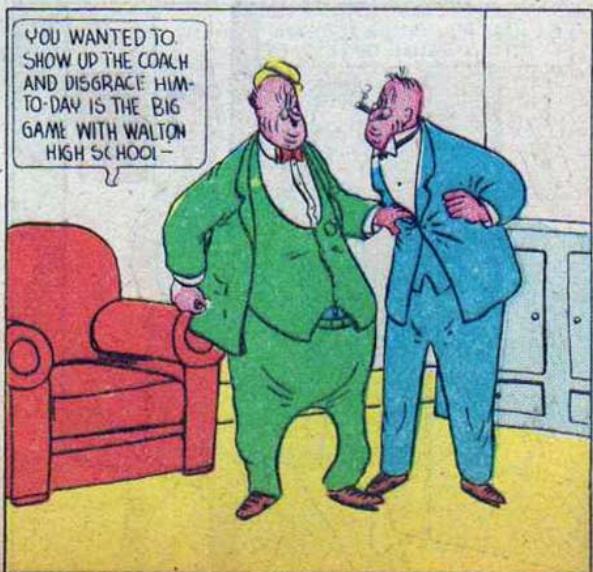
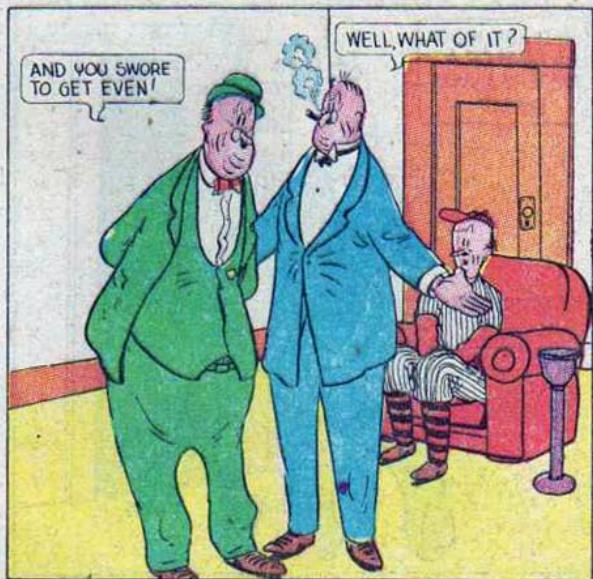


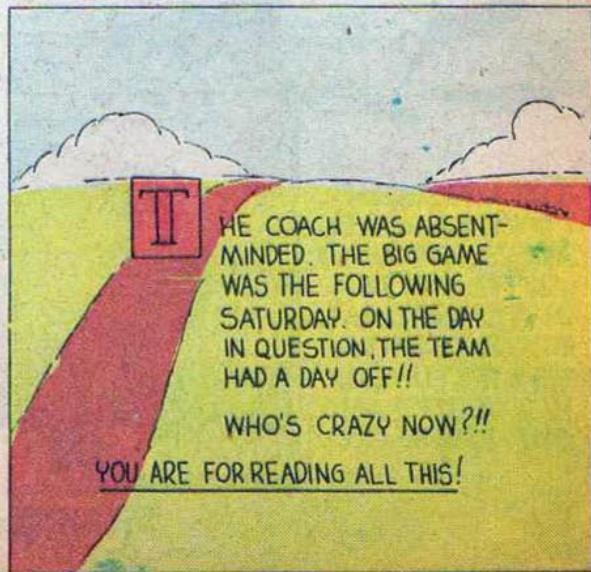
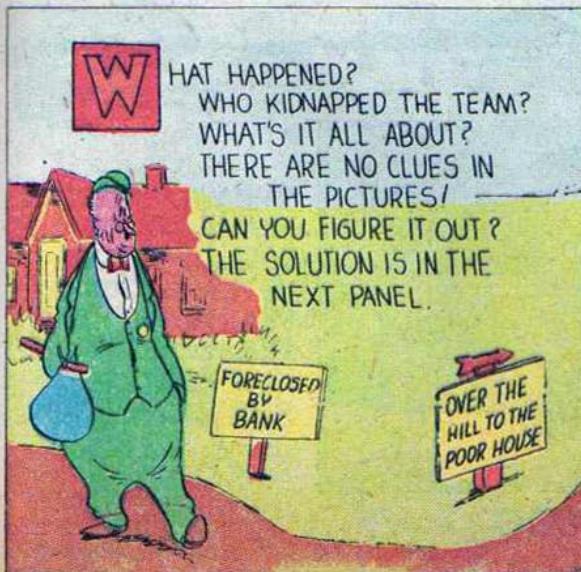
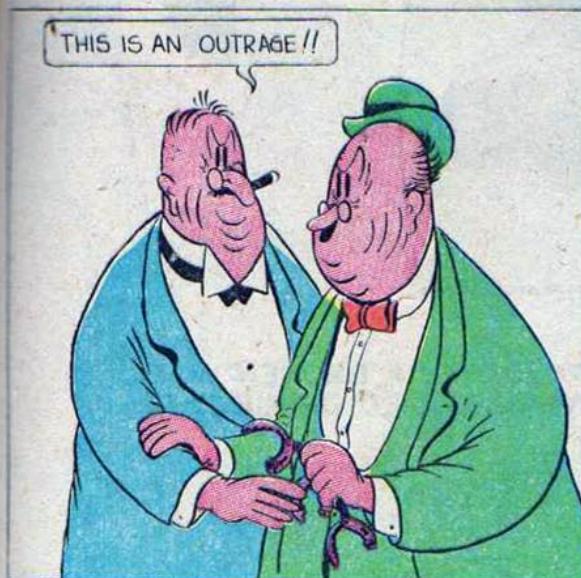
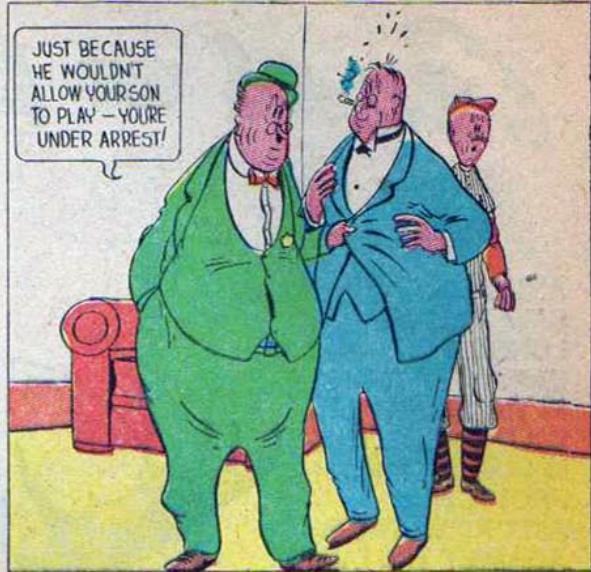
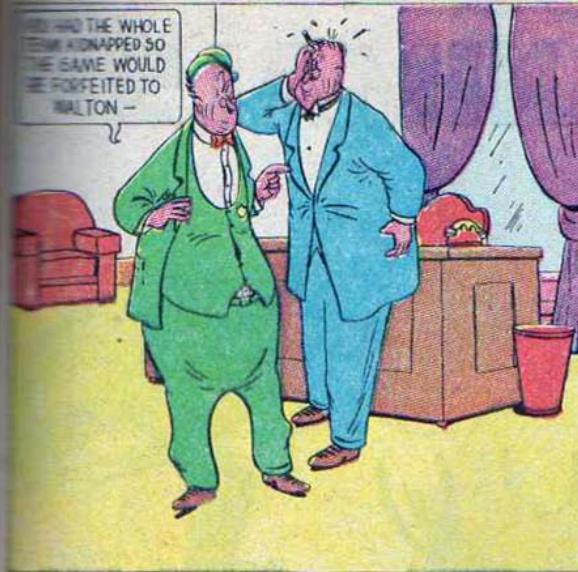
PHONY Crimes









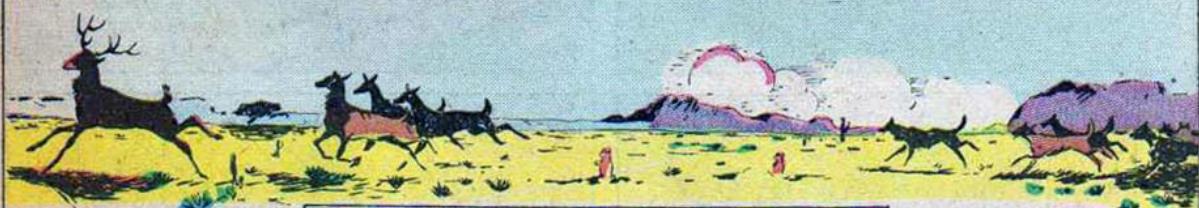
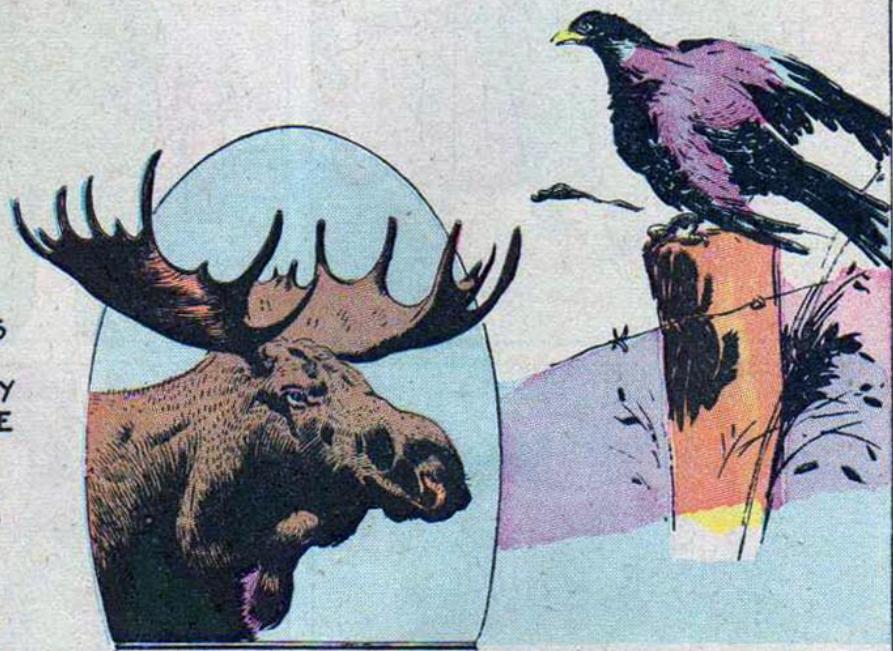


Ages OF ANIMALS

ANIMALS ARE SAID TO LIVE LONGER IN CAPTIVITY THAN IN THEIR NATURAL WILD STATE. THIS IS DUE TO THE PROTECTION AFFORDED THEM AGAINST THE FANGS OF THE HUNGRY HORDES WHICH PREY UPON THEM IN THE OPEN.

A CANADIAN PARK BOASTS OF A 41 YEAR OLD BULL MOOSE, ALTHOUGH THE AVERAGE AGE OF THE MOOSE IS ONLY 21 YEARS.

A FARMER IN MISSOURI NOTICED A CROW WITH A BROKEN WING. FOR 12 YEARS THEREAFTER THIS CROW REMAINED ON HIS FARM. CROWS LIVE FROM 10 TO 14 YEARS.



THE AMERICAN COYOTE, SHOWN ABOVE, SEEMS TO THRIVE BETTER IN ITS NATURAL STATE. DESPITE ITS LIFETIME OF HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERING ON



PRAIRIE - DOG

THE WILD WESTERN PLAINS, THE COYOTE WILL LIVE FOR 15 YEARS. THESE PLAINS ARE ALSO THE HOME OF THE FURRY LITTLE PRAIRIE - DOG.

POKEY

FORGETS TO REMEMBER



'TWAS SKIING TIME IN JUNGLETOWN
AND DOWN THE SLIDING HILL
CAME THOSE WHO JUMPED & FLEW THROUGH SPACE,
WITH DARING AND WITH SKILL.



YOUNG POKEY SAID TO ALL THE GANG
'A REAL JUMP I'LL NOW SHOW.
IN FACT, I THINK I'LL REALLY LEAP
A THOUSAND FEET OR SO.'



THE WAY WAS MADE FOR POKEY'S START,
HIS NAME WAS LOUDLY CHEERED,
THE SKIS WERE READY - SO WAS HE.
THE SLIDE WAS QUICKLY CLEARED.



HE WAVED HIS HAND GOODBY TO ALL
AND DOWN THE SLIDE HE FLEW.
THE FOLKS WOULD SEE A RECORD BROKE
BEFORE HE WAS ALL THROUGH.



ALAS, ALACK - POOR POKEY JUMPED -
HE THOUGHT HE'D WIN WITH'EASE
THEN HE REMEMBRE, HE FORGOT
TO FASTEN ON HIS SKIS.

THE FUN SPOT

WHERE YOU FIND PUZZLES, GAMES, RIDDLES AND FUN

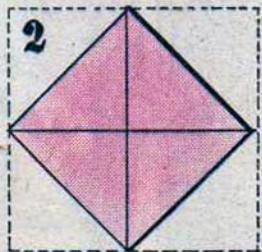
THE LAUGHING CLOWN

1

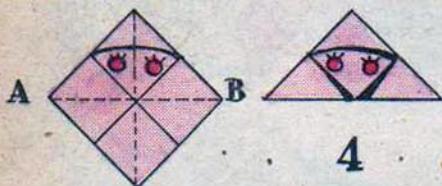
How to Make the LAUGHING CLOWN

First take a sheet of paper and cut it square. Then fold the four corners down and toward the center of the square. Now, turn the folded paper over, and fold the new corners over again as you did before.

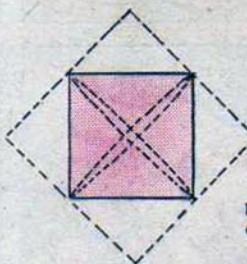
2



You'll find that you have four flaps of a single thickness on the other side. Crease one of them down the middle, and draw a funny picture of a clown's face on it. The crease should fall along the nose. If you want to, you can color the paper under the flap on which you made the drawing. This will be the inside of the clown's mouth.



4



3

Now fold along A.B. By holding the paper face lightly in the hand and pushing it in, you'll see the clown's mouth open and close!

UNUSUAL QUESTIONS

Can you answer these questions? It's easy if you know how!

WOH DLO ERA UOY?
OD UOY EKIL KLIM?

ALL THE ALPHABET

Here's a sentence that contains all the letters of the alphabet in its words.

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.
Can you make up one?

TONGUE TWISTERS

She sells seashells by the seashore.
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
How fast can you say them without getting twisted?

(Answers to the Tricks and
Riddles on this page will be
found elsewhere in this issue.)

DWARF PUZZLE

There was a dwarf once who had to count all the toadstools in his little yard every night. He wanted to do it the shortest way. How could he sit on all the toadstools in three jumps?





BRAIN TEASERS -



WHAT AMUSEMENT PARK ATTRACTION DOES THIS REPRESENT?



PRIZE. FOUR USED UP BLOTTERS

WHAT WELL KNOWN MILITARY ACADEMY IS HERE?



PRIZE AN EMPTY CAN OF CONDENSED MILK.

WHAT LITTLE ANIMAL DOES THIS STAND FOR?



PRIZE A TON OF USED MATCHES

WHAT SPOT IN THE BALL PARK DOES THIS REPRESENT?

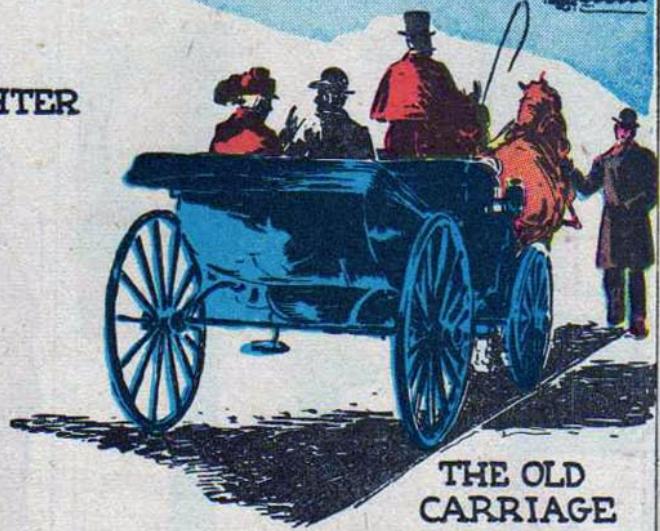


PRIZE FOUR UNBROKEN SOAP BUBBLES

Do You Remember?



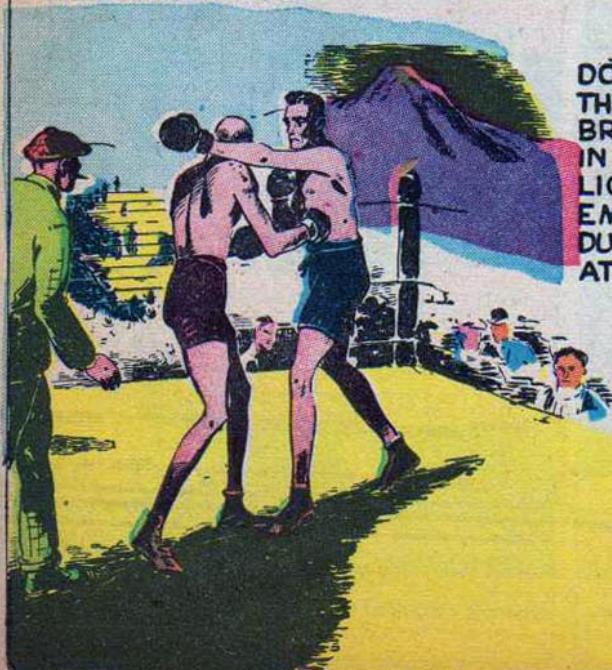
THE
LAMPLIGHTER



THE OLD
CARRIAGE

CONVEYANCE WAS THE HORSE AND CARRIAGE. JUST LIKE THE WELL-TO-DO FAMILY OF TODAY HAS SEVERAL CARS IN THEIR GARAGE, IN THOSE DAYS THEY HAD SEVERAL CARRIAGES. SOME OF THESE WERE ELABORATE AFFAIRS, AND THE HORSES WERE DECKED OUT IN EXPENSIVE TRAPPINGS.

JUST AROUND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, WHEN AUTOMOBILES WERE IN THEIR INFANCY, THE MOST POPULAR



DO YOU REMEMBER 'WAY BACK WHEN THE CITY STREETS AT NIGHT WERE BRIGHTENED BY GAS LAMPS? IN THOSE DAYS IT WAS NECESSARY TO LIGHT EACH ONE BY HAND. THE CITY EMPLOYED MANY MEN WHOSE SOLE DUTIES WERE TO WALK THE STREETS AT SUNDOWN AND LIGHT THESE LAMPS.

THE FIRST MOVING PICTURES OF A PRIZE FIGHT WERE TAKEN OF THE CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS MATCH AT CARSON CITY, NEVADA, IN 1897. IN THIS FIGHT "GENTLEMAN JIM" CORBETT, THE CHAMPION, WAS KNOCKED OUT BY THE CRAFTY IRISHMAN, BOB FITZSIMMONS.

LOOK! A New Card Game for Boys and Girls

There's fun galore for boys and girls in the new "Cross-Words Card Game"—first, in cutting out your own deck of playing cards—and then many hours of entertainment playing the game. From two to six may play "Cross-Words"—even mother and dad will want to join in on the fun! The cards are dealt—a 2, 3 or 4-letter word formed on the table—and you're off to building up a crossword puzzle. Be the first in your neighborhood to have this game—send 10c with the coupon below and we'll rush it to you by return mail!

**BE FIRST! SEND FOR IT
now**

CENTAUR PUBLICATIONS, Inc.—Dept. 386
461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find 10c. Please send me the "Cross-Words Card Game" by return mail. (Canada and Foreign 15c.)

Name (Print carefully) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



**Play CROSS-WORDS
CARD GAME — 10c**



MAIL THIS COUPON

**100 Puzzles in
a Book for 10c**

Here's a jumbo buy. A big, thick Picture Puzzle Book, filled with the funniest drawings you've ever seen, with over 100 puzzles—formerly 25c—now only one dime!

After you've finished solving and playing with the Picture Puzzles, you can color them in. And besides, all the puzzle answers are in the back of the book. Dad, or Mother might enjoy having this Picture Puzzle Book. Lots of fun for everybody! Get one now, while they last, at 10c each.

SEND THIS COUPON WITH 10 CENTS
and you'll get your Puzzle Book by return mail.

CENTAUR PUBLICATIONS, Inc.—Dept. 386
461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find 10c. Please send me a copy of your big Picture Puzzles Book, that's worth a quarter, by return mail. (Canada and Foreign 15c.)

Name (Print carefully) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FUNNY PICTURE STORIES "Fun Spot" ANSWERS. Dwarf Puzzle. This is one way:
Unusual Questions: How Old Are You? Do You Like Milk? The words are
all written backwards. Get the Idea? Try some on your friends! It's Fun.



BIB AN TUCKER



WE LIKE
TO GO
SHOPPING
WITH YOU,
MOMS



WE'LL STOP
HERE FIRST



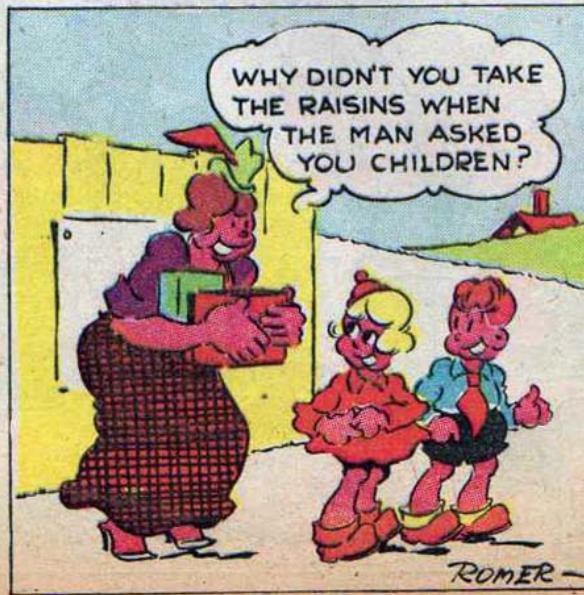
HELLO

GOOD AFTERNOON



WELL, I'M ALWAYS
GLAD TO SEE LITTLE
CHILDREN IN MY
STORE





ROMER -

WHY ALL TH'RUMPS?
WE CAN SEE TH'
SHOW FINE!

WHAT ARE THEY
KICKING ABOU?
WE CAN SEE OK!



EXIT

LUCKY SHE DIDN'T
BRING HER TWIN
SISTER, TOO!

AW, SHOWTH'
PICTURE ON
HER BACK!

SHE HAS
SEEN IT
3 TIMES!

ASK HER TO
CRAWL UNDER
THE SEAT!

IT'S LIKE
SITTIN' BEHIND
A POST, EH!

AT LEAST
REMOVE
HER FEATHER!

SIT DOWN!
YEAH, WE WONDER
IF TH' PICTURE
IS STILL ON!

AN'SHE SAID
SHE'D STAY
AN' SEE IT
AGAIN!

WHO PUT THAT
CROWD IN ONE
SEAT? W-O-W!

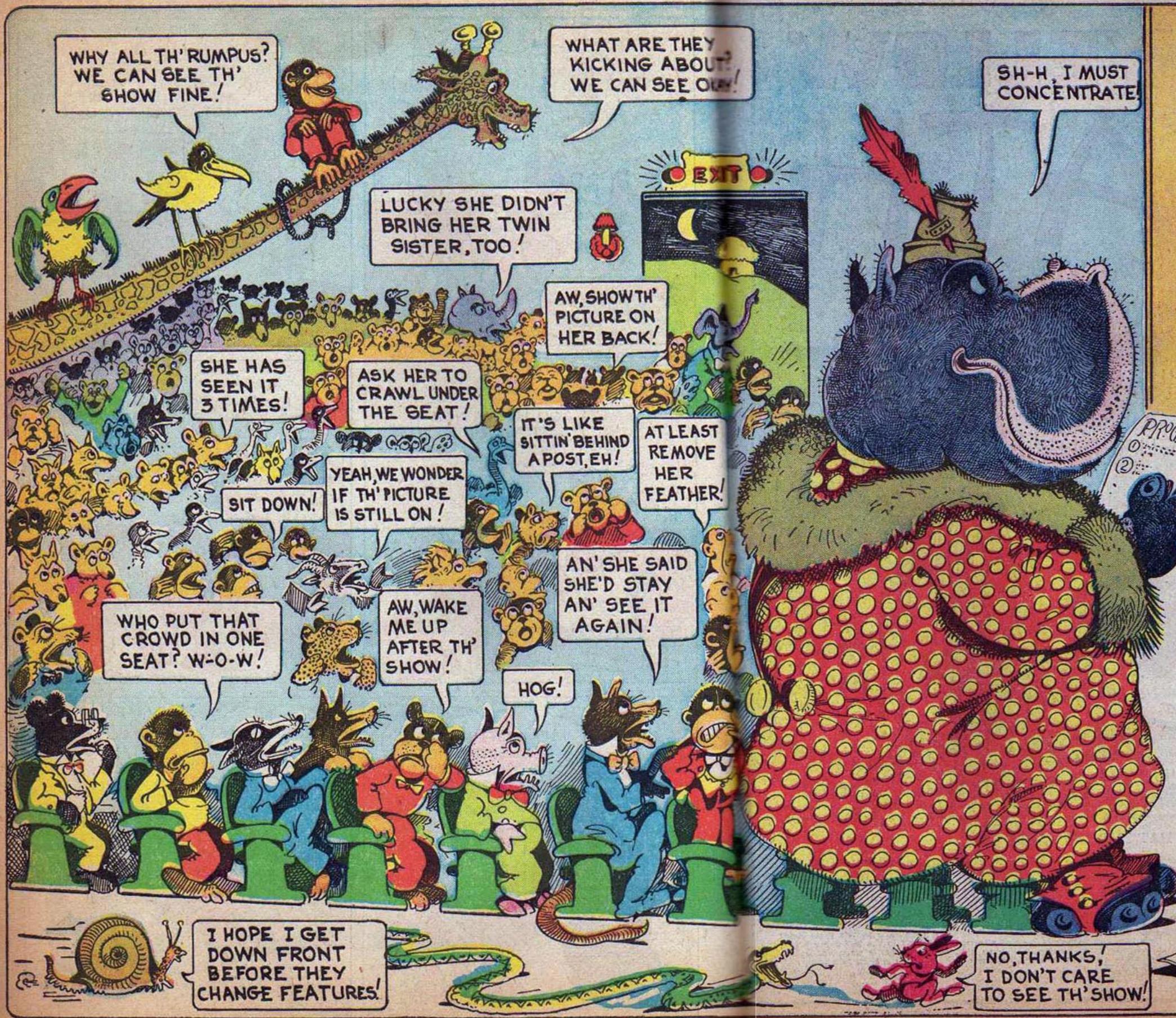
AW, WAKE
ME UP
AFTER TH'
SHOW!

HOG!



I HOPE I GET
DOWN FRONT
BEFORE THEY
CHANGE FEATURES!





"ROMANCE
IN THE
ZOO"
BY THE APE
OF
JUNGLETOWN
IN
3 REELS

THE MANAGER
REQUESTS THAT
YOU REMOVE
YOUR HAT, MISS!



Dick Ryan.

STORY
& of the
Feature

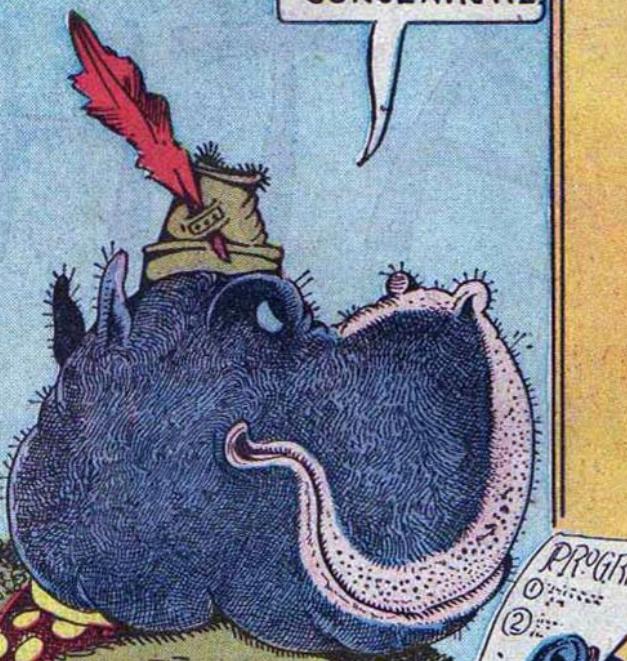
Y
UT?
OKAY!

SH-H, I MUST
CONCENTRATE

QUIT



T
E
!



PROGRAM
0
(2)

"ROMANCE
IN THE
ZOO"
BY THE APE
OF
JUNGLETOWN
IN
3 REELS

THE MANAGER
REQUESTS THAT
YOU REMOVE
YOUR HAT, MISS!



STORY
2 of the
Feature

Dick RYAN.

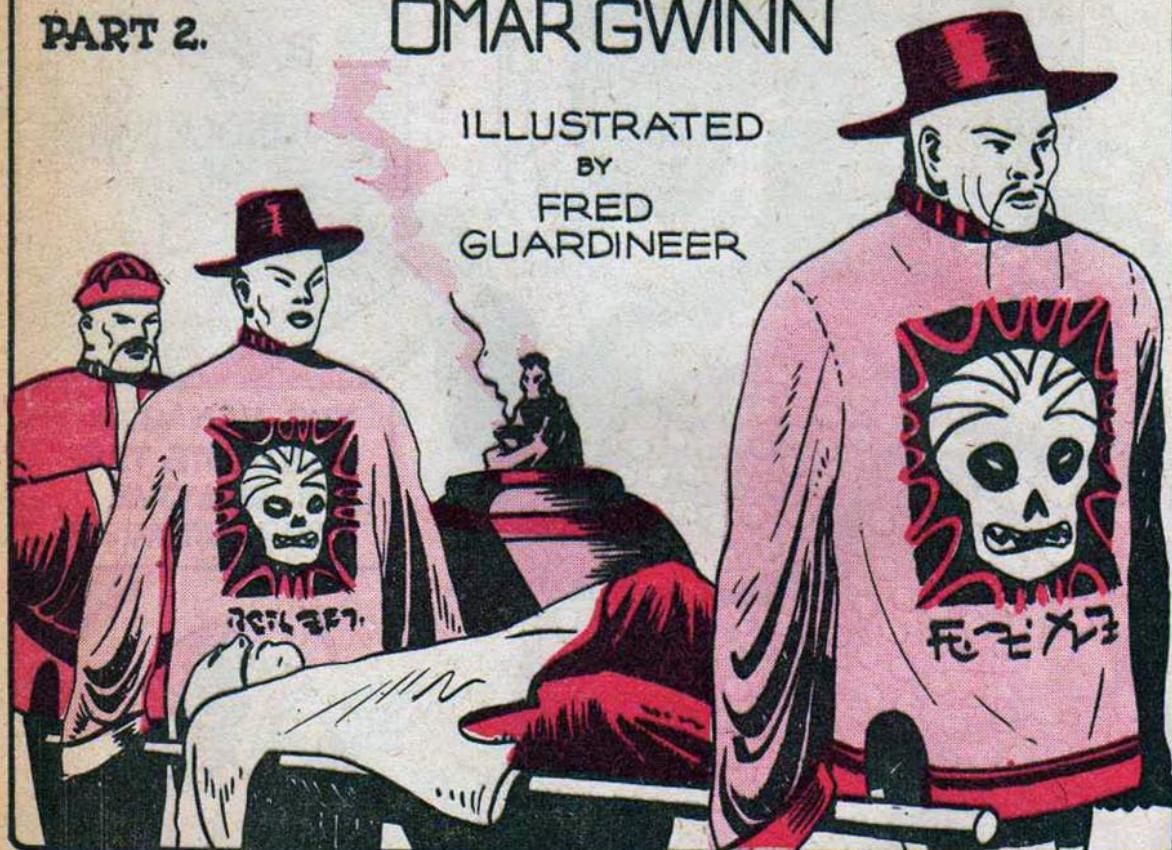
NO, THANKS,
I DON'T CARE
TO SEE TH'SHOW!

THE YELLOW DEATH

PART 2.

BY
OMAR GWINN

ILLUSTRATED
BY
FRED
GUARDINEER



WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Pat Casey, young Irish detective, goes deep in Chinatown to look for another detective, Ray Roberts, who has been sent to investigate and to clean out the Wang Fang gang of opium smugglers.

Pat goes into a shop owned by Wong. In Wong's shop Pat is dropped through trap door into the underground city two floors below. While in the trap chute, Pat is hit on the head by a mysterious hand from above.

When he wakes up, Pat sees Roberts, badly wounded, tied to a post near him. Pat also is tied to a post. It is a cold, damp dungeon they are in. They talk, and Pat tells Roberts how he used to work in vaudeville with the great magician Furston. Also, Pat tells Roberts that he has left Artie Malloy, another detective, who is disguised, in a building across the street. That Malloy will send a riot squad to tear Wong's place apart if Pat doesn't come out in ten minutes after entering.

Just then a piece of the stone wall around them swings inward and Wong's face appears. Gloatingly he lets them know he has overheard their conversation and that they have captured Malloy in his hideout across the street in the last five minutes.

At this moment, four murderous members of the gang enter, bearing Malloy on a stretcher. He too is wounded. Behind the stretcher walks Kei Wan, the most murderous of them all, sworn to kill all policemen. Gloatingly, Kei Wan tells them they will die like swine—THEY WILL DIE THE YELLOW DEATH!

Now continue the story:

"J-j-juggle your way out of this one, Casey!" Roberts groaned, out of the corner of his mouth.

"It's my fault for mentioning where Malloy was," said Pat, between his teeth. "They must have overpowered him. Probably sneaked up on him."

Kein Wan, his eyes black slits of hatred, walked over to the dazed Malloy and kicked him in the ribs, too.

"Police—fahhhhh! May all your ancestors return to earth as fishworms! Mannerless product of a potato vine!" Kei Wan's voice grated harshly as he kicked Malloy in the ribs again.

"You long drink of poisoned kumiss!" Malloy snorted weakly, opening his eyes. "What did you hit me on the conk with, the Empire State Building? I'll take you apart yet, if I have to chase you across the North Pole barefooted!"

"I want the first crack at him," said Roberts. "I'll knock his evil teeth out, if he has any."

"Save it," Pat advised out of the corner of his mouth. "When you talk too much about what you're going to do in this world you never get around to doing it. The odds are heavy against us and we're tied. Remember that."

"It'd be hard to forget it," said Roberts.

Kei Wan leaned back and laughed mirthlessly, his slitted eyes gleaming cruelly. His manner was that of a cruel tomcat playing with wounded mice.

Kei Wan produced a long wicked looking knife and prodded Malloy with it. "You are to remain conscious," he commanded, "that you may witness your funeral rites, The Festival of The Yellow Death."

"You'll be a festival if I ever get my claws on you, you sour bowl of rice," yelped Malloy. He was conscious now, all right.

The polite but deadly Wong slid into the dungeon room at that moment and three sets of Irish eyes turned toward him. He bowed slightly and smiled.

"It shall be your pleasure to die presently, following the ceremony which the Wang Fangs accord to all enemies." His voice was suave as silk as he produced three pipes from his sleeves. "That you may appreciate it more fully I have prepared these three pipes which you may smoke for a moment, that all may seem beautiful in your last moments upon this sordid and much lamented earth."

"Nix," said Malloy. "I'll take mine straight."

"If I've got to kick off," Pat said, "I'll do it while I know about it. I never was one to run away from a situation. Then, too, something might happen that'd give us a break. We couldn't take advantage of it if we were all in a fog . . ."

Wong bowed politely. "You have spoken well, according to the white man's pale theories. Very well. You have declined and it shall be as you wish." He produced a peculiar





looking shell from his other sleeve and blew three weird notes upon it. There was a minute of cold chilling silence in which none moved a muscle.

Pat alone refused to let it chill him. He had been quietly trying those hemp bonds which tied his hands behind the pole. In his days in vaudeville in the troupe of the great magician Furston, Pat had learned many escape tricks, but these little pieces of rope were tied so cleverly they would have tried the patience of the great Furston himself. All the skill and patience at his command would be hard put to escape from these knots. Wrists tight together, tight against the pole. Whoever had tied them, while Pat was unconscious, was an expert.

There was a sudden patter of feet down the corridor toward the dungeon.

Four more voiceless villains glided into the room. They were weirdly painted and wore yellow silken robes and yellow mandarin hats. The first three carried a long, large yellow silk-en scarf which fluttered in a draft of air which came from the other end of the dungeon. The fourth was the heavy-set beady-eyed Mongol who had been in the office when Pat was dropped through the hole in the floor into the chute. He played weird snaky music upon an instrument that sounded like a clarinet off-key.

For a moment the blood ran chill and icy in the veins of the three Irishmen. The strange wild music was like an omen of a nameless certain death which would snuff them out suddenly as candles in a monsoon.

Slowly, twisting like snakes, the three who had just entered writhed across the length of the dungeon, followed by the Mongol making his ghoulish unholy music. Their dance had all the cruel sensual mysticism of a rite which had been practiced down through the centuries.

The four stretcher bearers stood against the opposite wall, motionless with long vicious knives drawn and held at their sides. Their eyes looked at the ceiling without moving. Wong and Kei Wan stood silently by, their hands in opposite sleeves while they chanted strange hollow Chinese words in expressionless voices.

The weird rite continued. The four horribly painted ones proceeded in their blood-chilling procession, slowly, slowly, slowly and surely as the breath of death . . .

Pat worked furiously at the bonds which held his wrists. He was under terrific handicap, for if he made too much motion one of the gang might observe him, and they were very hard knots under any circumstances. As he worked at the knots, Pat was thinking: "It's my fault Malloy is captured and that we're in this jam. When Malloy and Roberts die, it'll be my fault—and if these devils get away—"

Pat's wrists wriggled like snakes, as the great Furston had taught him. And now, little by little . . .

WONG blew a sudden blast on his shell and the dancers stopped suddenly in their tracks. The weird music of the Mongol . . .

ened to a plaintive mournful background.

"You," Wong pointed to Malloy, "you shall be first, for your perfidy in disguising yourself as one of our honored race." He gave a command and two of the stretcher-bearers stooped and untied the ropes which held Malloy. They left his feet tied and stood him up. Then the three with the silken scarf stepped forward and began to dance around Malloy, who blinked somewhat. The three were evidently going to wrap the silken scarf around Malloy from his feet up and strangle him with it. Stop the flow of blood through his veins!

At that moment, one of Pat's hands writhed free from the ropes which tied them. He held his hands behind the post and glanced downward at the skeins which bound his feet. Without a knife, it would be minutes before he might free his feet.

The Chinks with the yellow silk scarf stopped suddenly and went into reverse. The one at the rear began to wind the scarf around Malloy's feet.

It was now or never and Pat knew it. He flung the rope off his other hand and gathered himself. His feet were bound together and there was no time to untie them, so he had to make his style suit the occasion. Back in his vaudeville days on the Orpheum circuit, Pat had become friendly with a Japanese tumbler and had learned a few tricks of that profession too. He gathered himself, gritted his teeth.

Wong's men were winding the silken scarf around Malloy, slow and sinister as death itself.

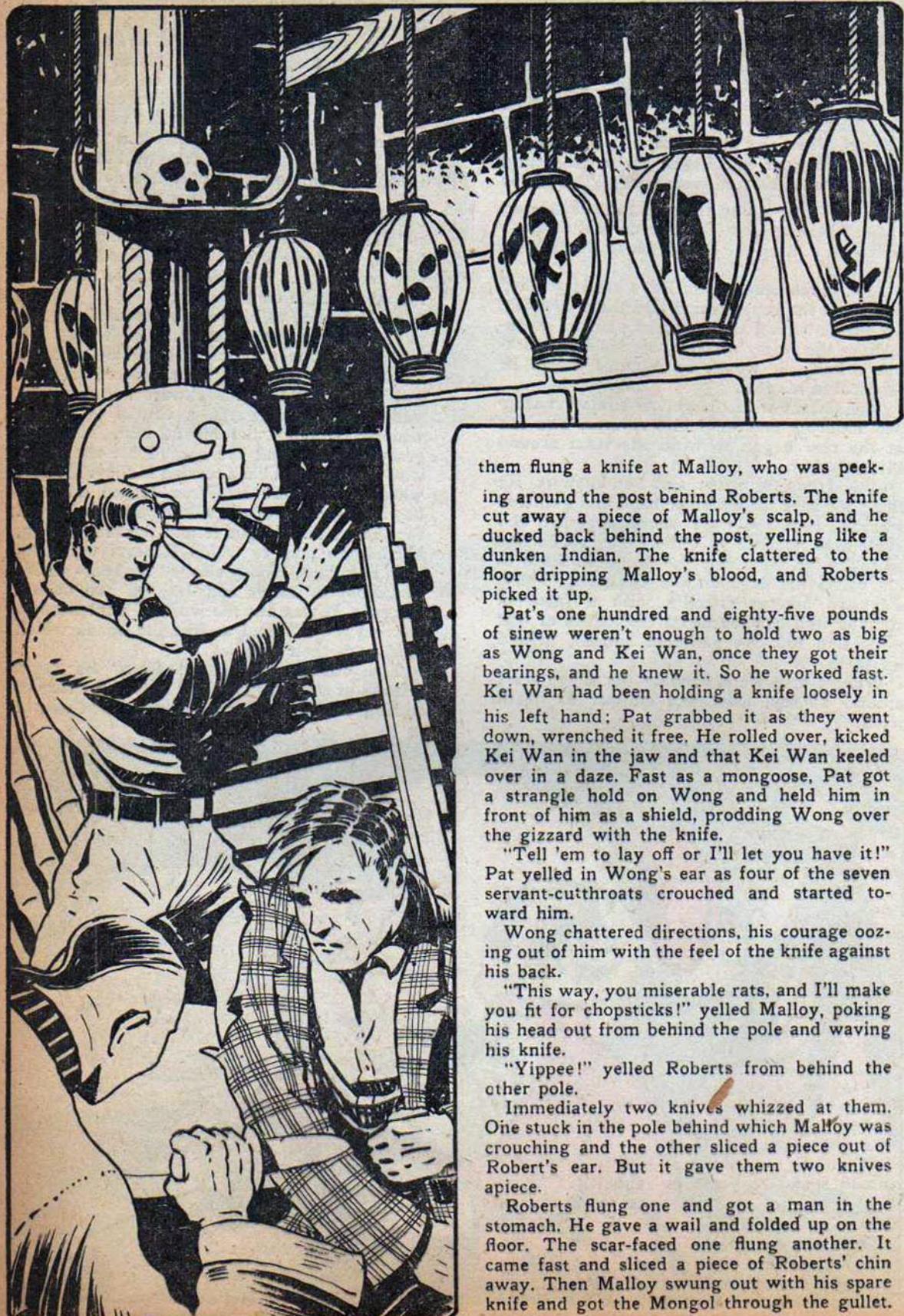
Pat coiled—and released himself as if shot from a cannon. The Jap had taught him well, and Pat tumbled end over end like a whirling tumbledweed sprayed with poison. The eyes of all the murderers were upon Malloy's approaching fate and they failed to observe Pat until he was well under way. It was perhaps fifteen feet to Wong and Kei Wan, who stood with their backs partly toward Pat for the time. Pat tumbled head over heels two and a half times and came up standing—directly behind Wong and Kei Wan.

"Yippee!" yelled Roberts, straining at his bonds, his Irish up. It was a blood-curdling yell and, coming with Pat's surprise attack, it helped to make confusion.

As Pat came to his feet, he reached up and put an arm around the necks of Wong and Kei Wan. It was almost a complete surprise to them and they gurgled strangled cries as Pat pulled them over backwards. Even as he pulled them backwards a couple of knives whizzed through the air at him. The first grazed an ear and the second hit the stone wall and bounced back toward Malloy. Malloy, whose arms were still free, lashed out and bowled over two of the silk-winders and dived for the knife. He got it and ducked, rolling, behind the pole to which Roberts was tied. Fast as a flash, Malloy slashed the ropes which tied Roberts' hands and dragged him behind the pole. It was but the work of a moment to unwind the silk and to free the bonds which held both their feet.

The others, still dazed from the rapid change of events, held their knives for fear of hitting one of their two leaders. Then one of





them flung a knife at Malloy, who was peeking around the post behind Roberts. The knife cut away a piece of Malloy's scalp, and he ducked back behind the post, yelling like a drunken Indian. The knife clattered to the floor dripping Malloy's blood, and Roberts picked it up.

Pat's one hundred and eighty-five pounds of sinew weren't enough to hold two as big as Wong and Kei Wan, once they got their bearings, and he knew it. So he worked fast. Kei Wan had been holding a knife loosely in his left hand; Pat grabbed it as they went down, wrenched it free. He rolled over, kicked Kei Wan in the jaw and that Kei Wan keeled over in a daze. Fast as a mongoose, Pat got a strangle hold on Wong and held him in front of him as a shield, prodding Wong over the gizzard with the knife.

"Tell 'em to lay off or I'll let you have it!" Pat yelled in Wong's ear as four of the seven servant-cutthroats crouched and started toward him.

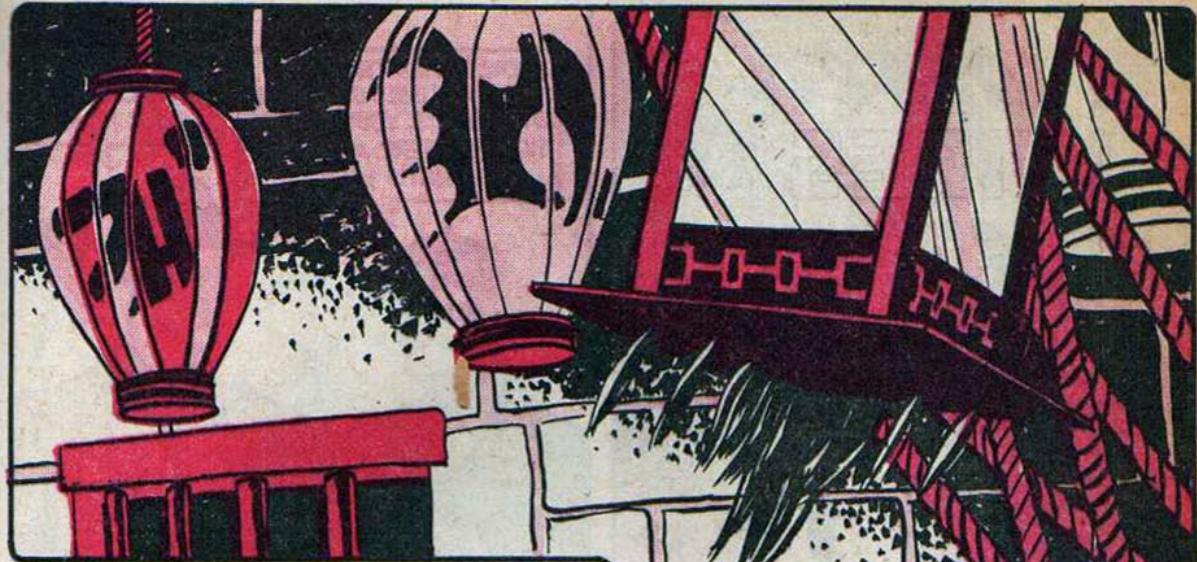
Wong chattered directions, his courage oozing out of him with the feel of the knife against his back.

"This way, you miserable rats, and I'll make you fit for chopsticks!" yelled Malloy, poking his head out from behind the pole and waving his knife.

"Yippee!" yelled Roberts from behind the other pole.

Immediately two knives whizzed at them. One stuck in the pole behind which Malloy was crouching and the other sliced a piece out of Robert's ear. But it gave them two knives apiece.

Roberts flung one and got a man in the stomach. He gave a wail and folded up on the floor. The scar-faced one flung another. It came fast and sliced a piece of Roberts' chin away. Then Malloy swung out with his spare knife and got the Mongol through the gullet.



"Drop those knives!" Pat commanded the other two who still had weapons. "Or I'll let him have it deep!" He stuck the knife into Wong a quarter of an inch and Wong yelled for mercy. The other two dropped their knives. Roberts and Malloy glided out from behind their poles then with Irish war-whoops.

"Line up against the wall you!" yelled Roberts.

Pat stood Wong up against the wall and prodded him with a knife. "Okay bright eyes. Give us the low-down on the Wang-Fang opium ring and don't be long about it. Malloy, you're dressed so they won't spot you unless they're close up. Ankle out and get that riot squad."

"Fine," said Malloy. "But first I got a date to keep." He walked over and kicked Kei Wan in the ribs a few times. "There! I'm honest enough to pay you back with big interest, you slonch-eyed weasel."

"But definitely," said Roberts, and repeated the dose, just for fun.

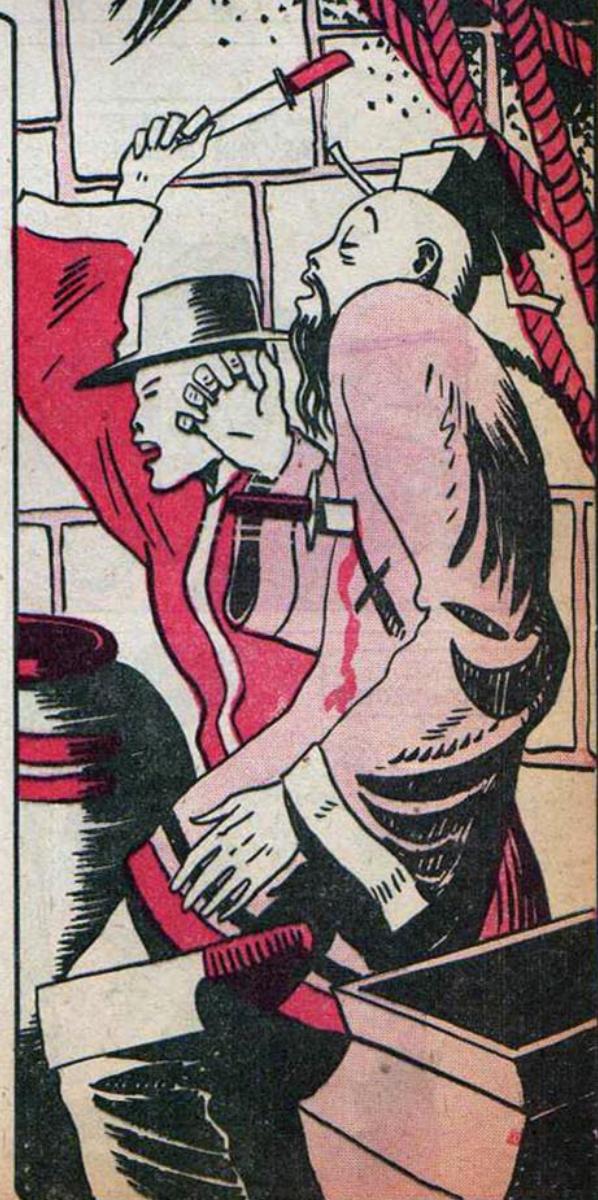
TWO hours later Pat Casey sat up on his infirmary cot and looked across at Roberts and Malloy, who were bandaged like Egyptian mummies.

"Go ahead," said Malloy, glaring through the bandages. "Egyptian mummies have to have pyramids. Well, I got 'em all over my head and feet. So what?"

"How am I supposed to fascinate my lady friends in a rig like this? Tell me that!" Ray Roberts moaned. "Anyway you tumble fair with your feet tied, Casey."

"Didn't I tell you once that all detectives should spend 23 years in vaudeville?" asked Pat. "You pick up little pieces of knowledge that come in handy."

"Aw, you ain't so hot," said Roberts. "You only juggled two bums at once. I coulda done it myself, except my hands were tied."



Crossed WIRES

BY
GEORGE
CLANCY



THERE'S WIRE TROUBLE
WITH THE LINES ON NORTON
STREET, TED. YOU'D BETTER
RUN UP THERE AND SEE
WHAT'S WHAT.

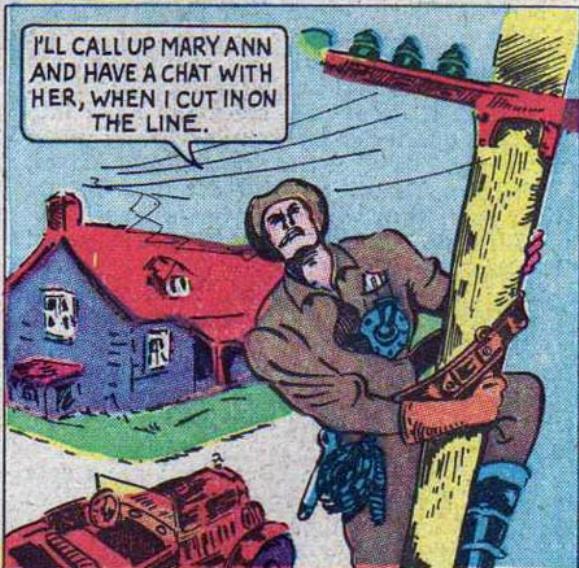
OKAY MR. JONES
IT'S PRACTICALLY
FIXED NOW.



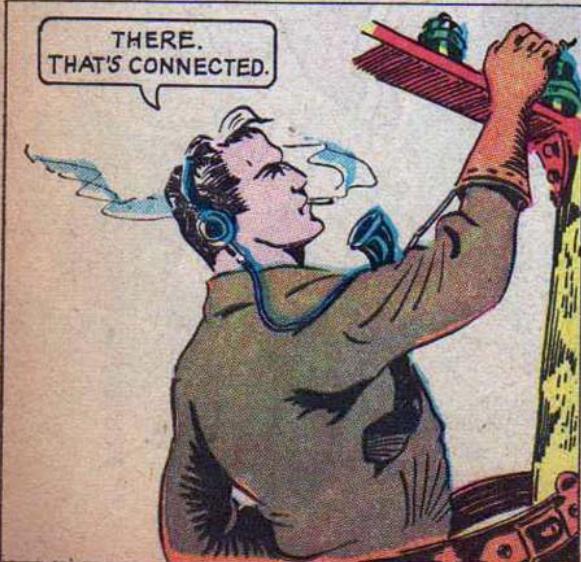
THAT'S THE STREET
MARY ANN LIVES ON!



I'LL CALL UP MARY ANN
AND HAVE A CHAT WITH
HER, WHEN I CUT IN ON
THE LINE.

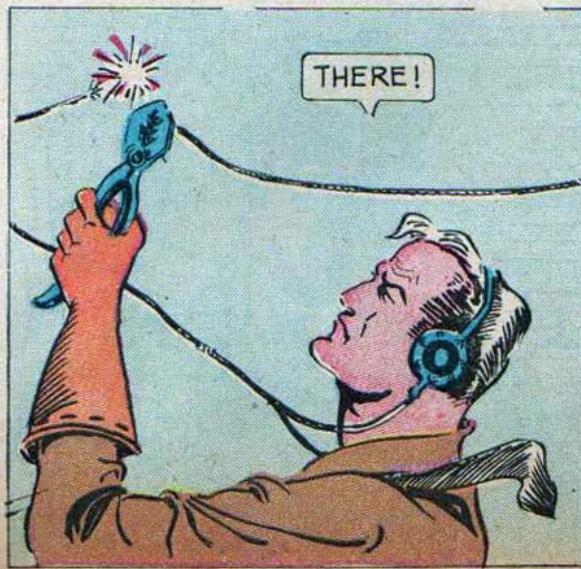


THERE.
THAT'S CONNECTED.



THE LINE IS BUSY. I'LL LISTEN IN
AND SEE IF SHE SAYS SOMETHING
NICE ABOUT ME.





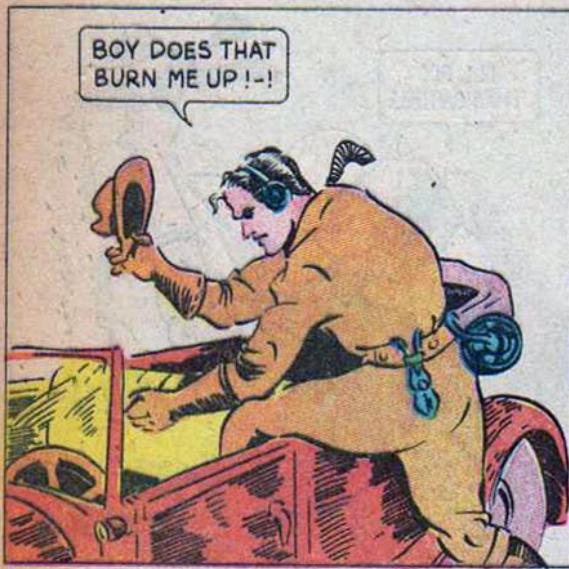
OH, DEAR!
HELLO OPERATOR!
HELLO, HELLO —



NOW TO BLAKE'S
DRUG STORE!



BOY DOES THAT
BURN ME UP! —

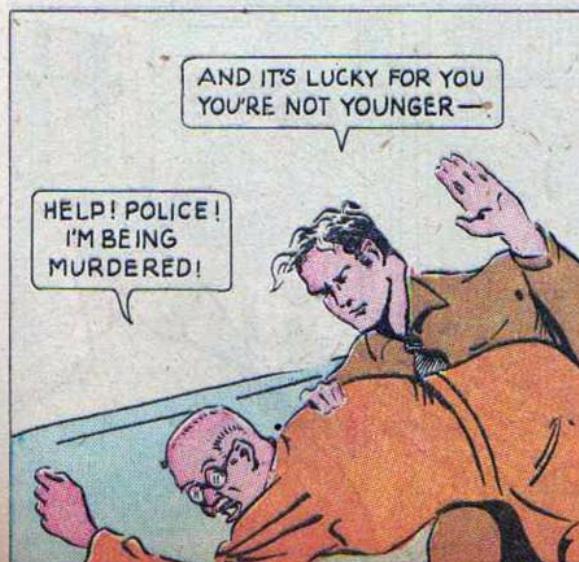
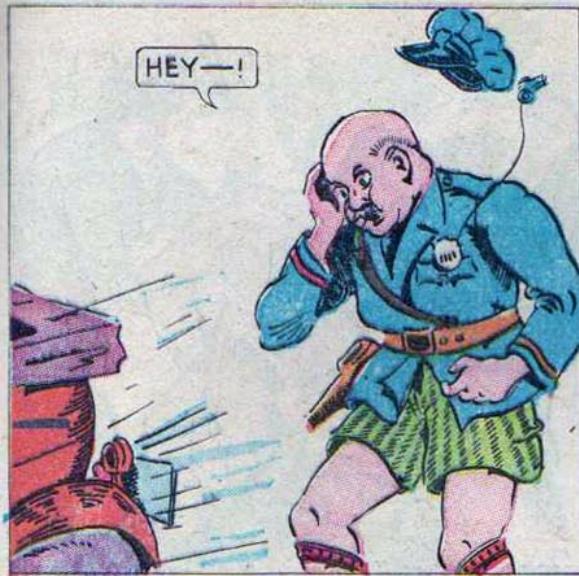


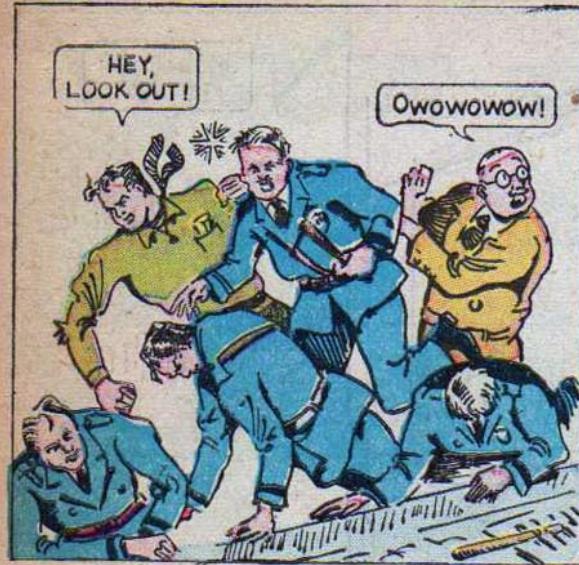
WHEN I LAY MY HANDS
ON THAT BIRD HE'LL NEED
MORE THAN ONE CARNATION!



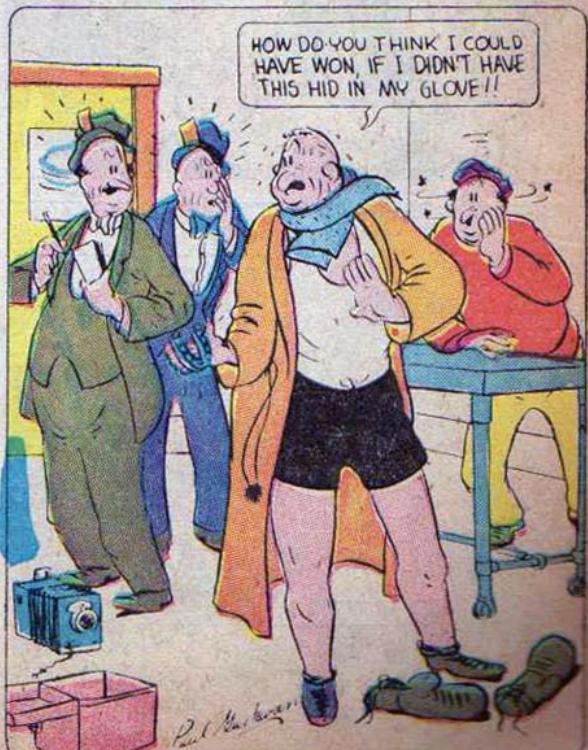
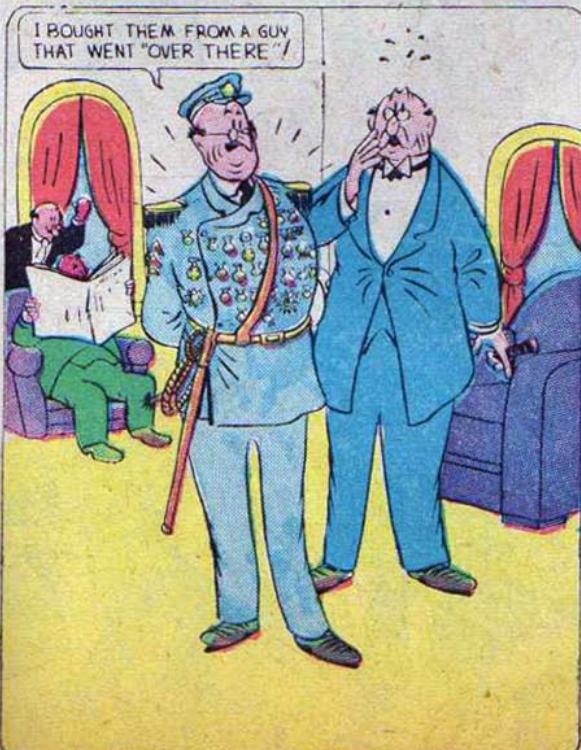
HE'LL NEED A LOT OF THEM,
— FOR HIS FUNERAL!

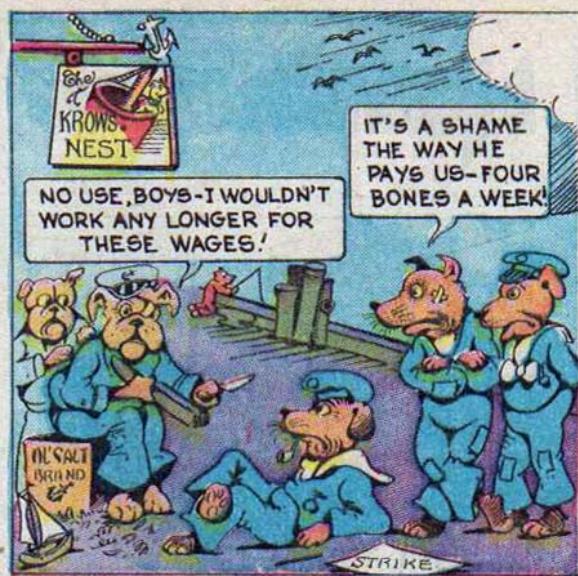


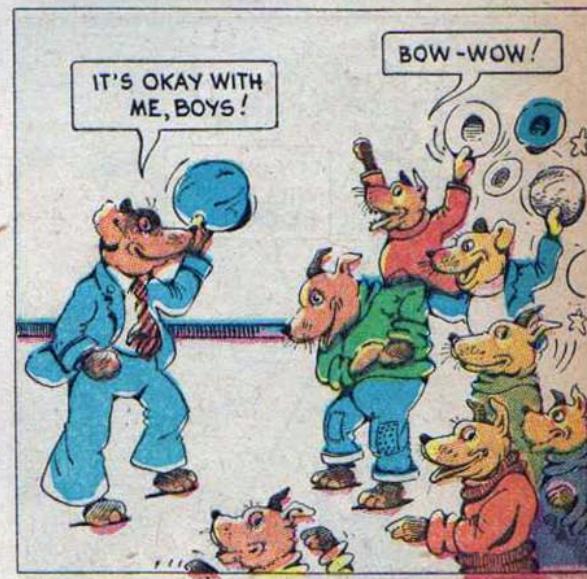


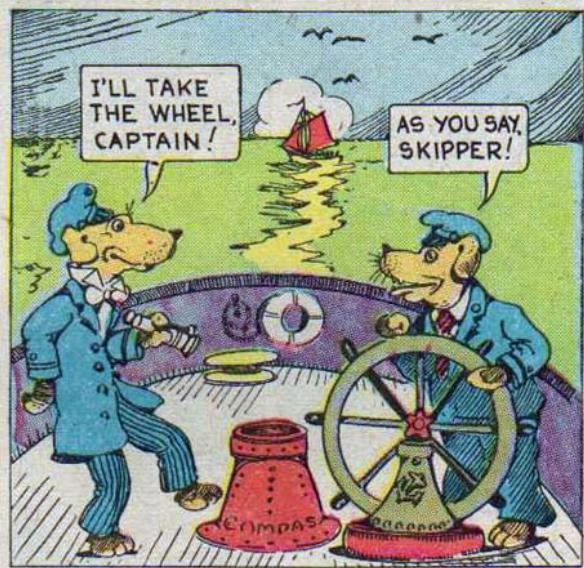


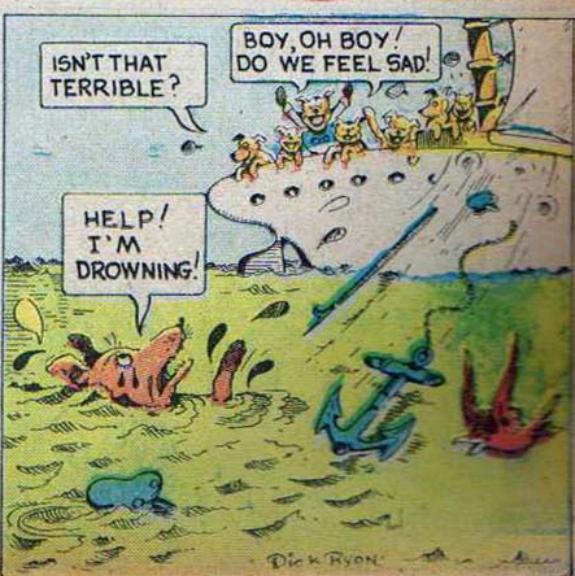
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!!



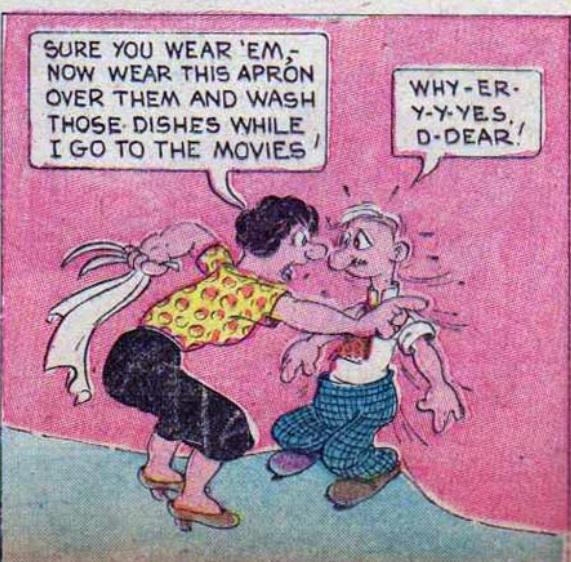
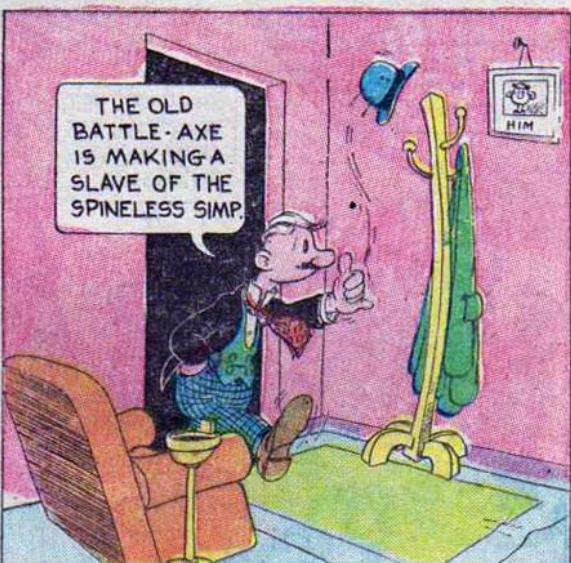
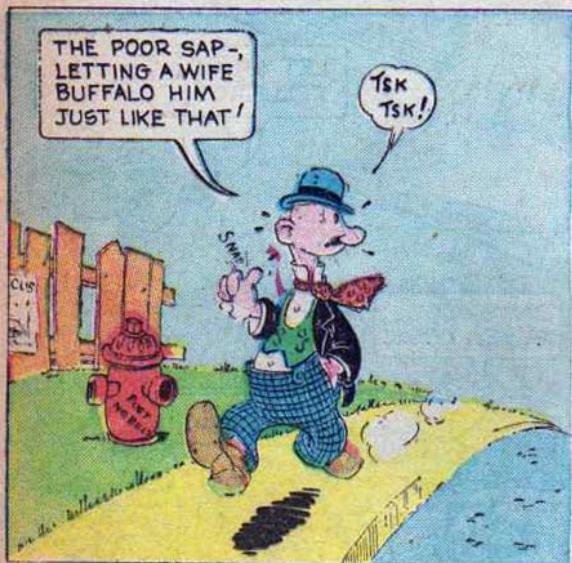




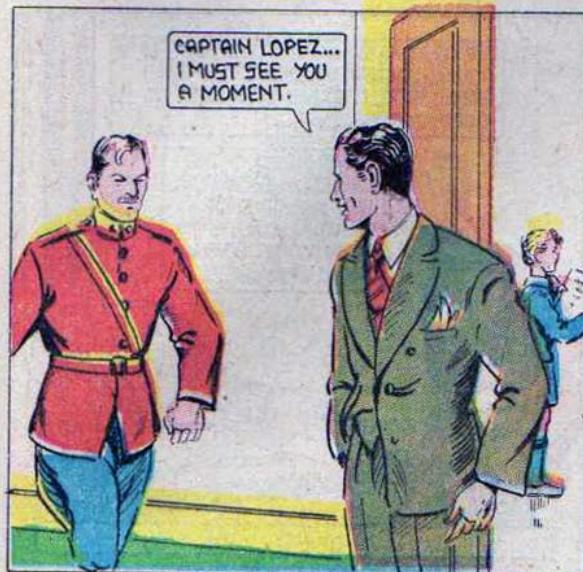
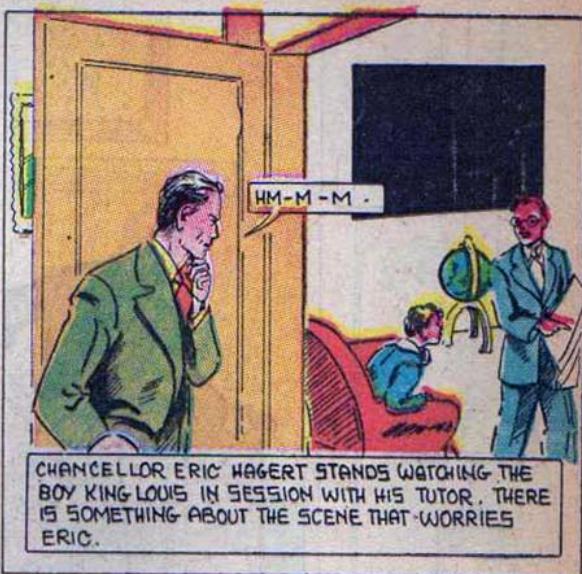


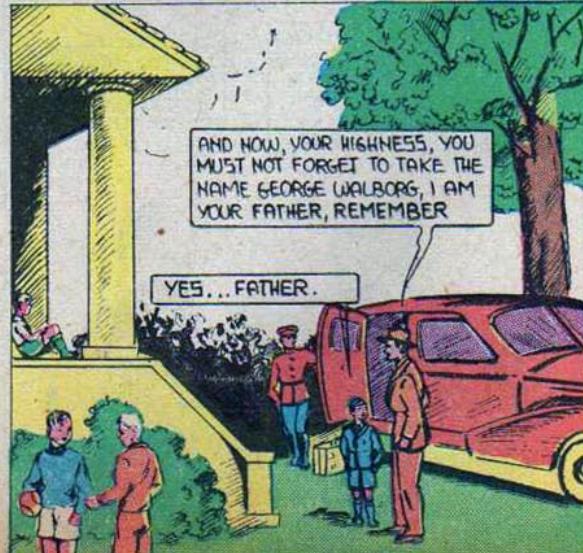
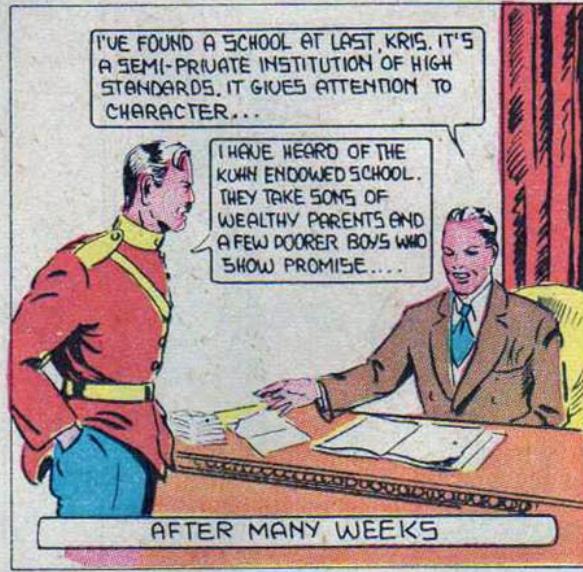


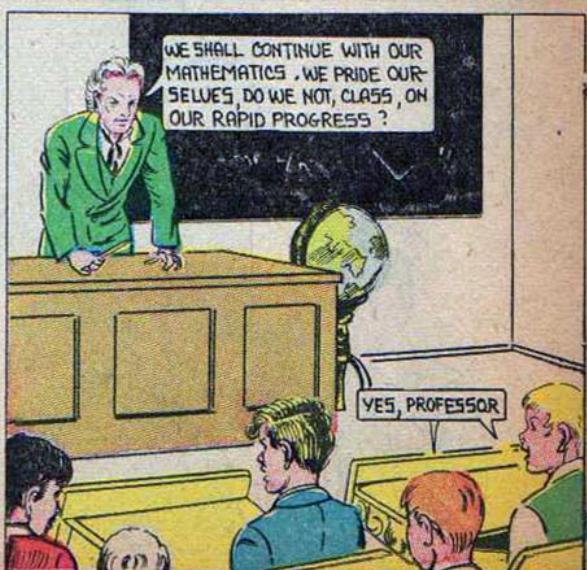
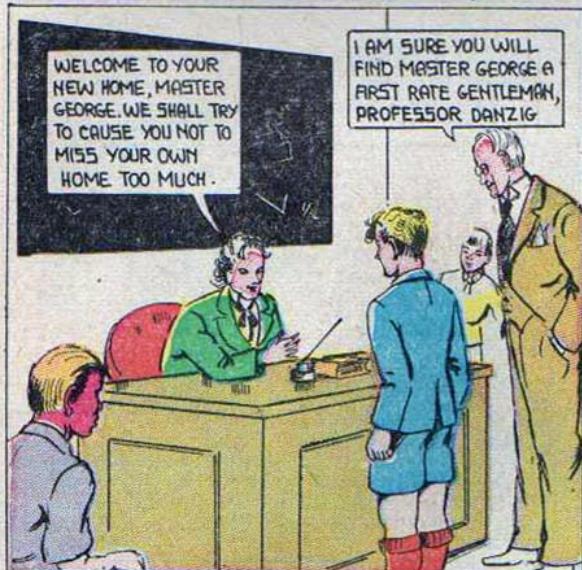
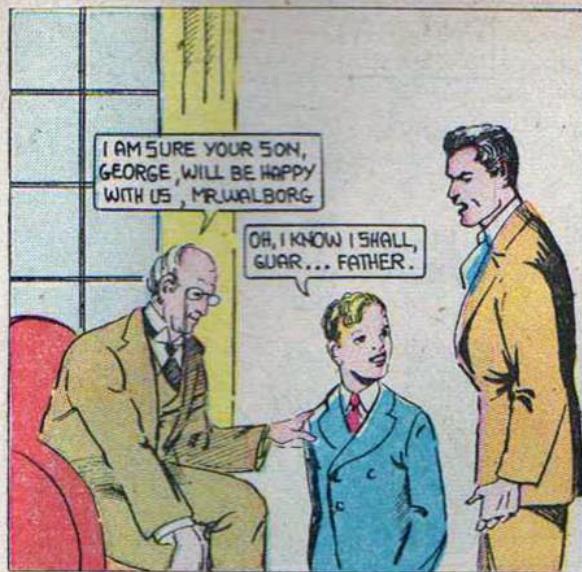
Joe Dokes

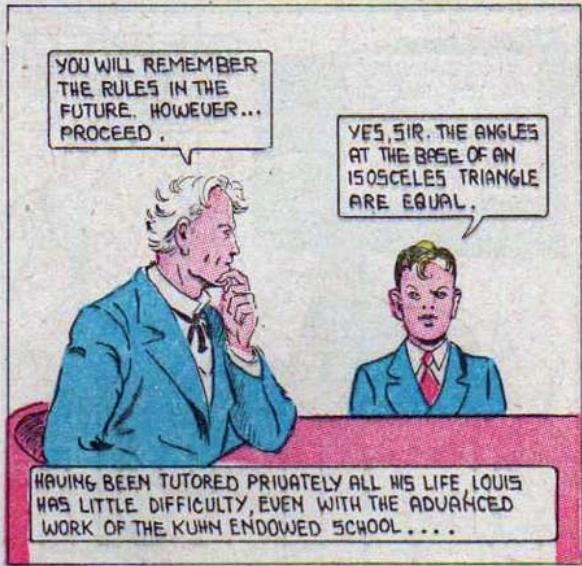
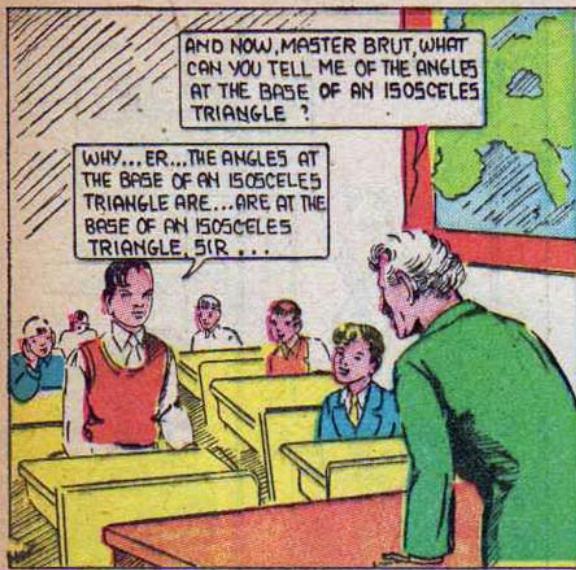


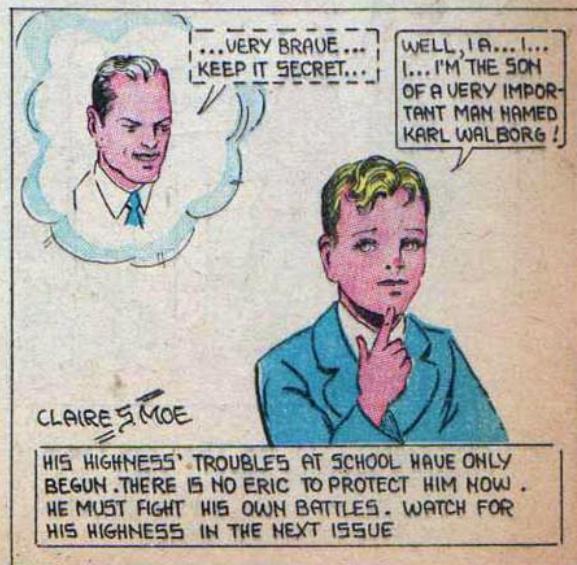
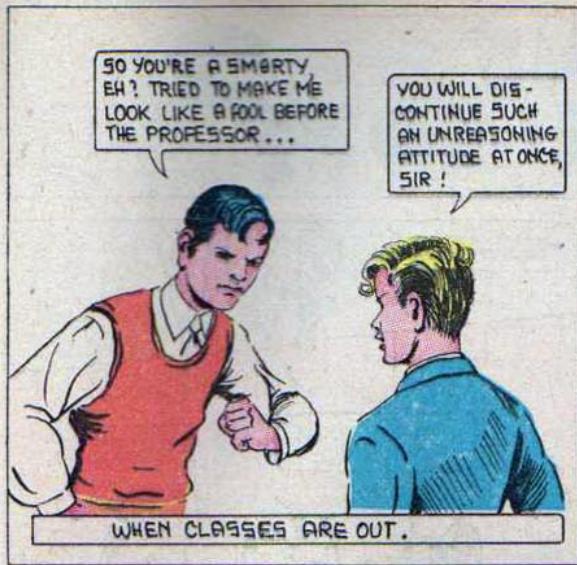
His Highness...



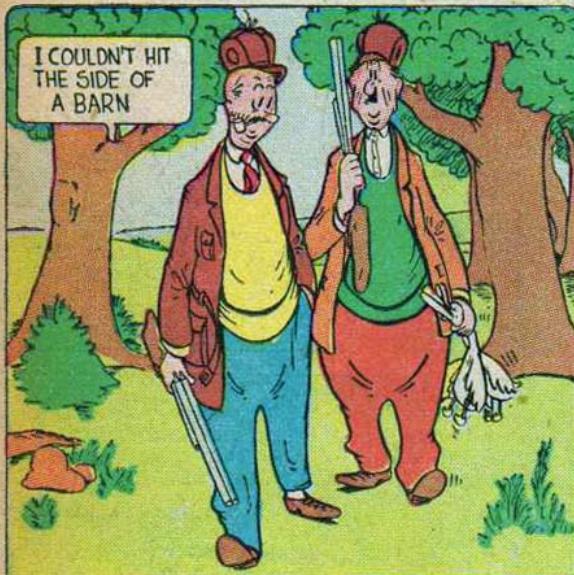




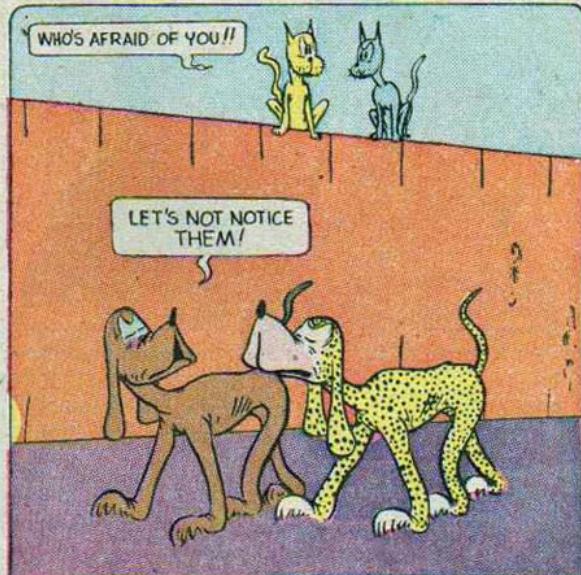




TELL ME MR. WISE-GUY?



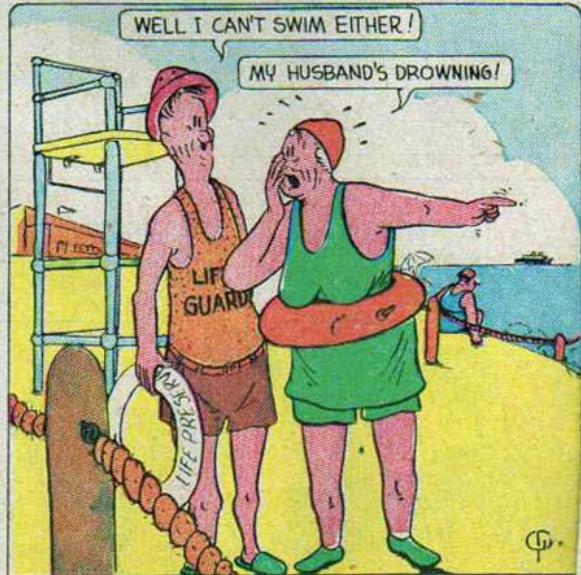
"PLEASE, TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN OR HEARD A THING LIKE THIS? - A HUNTER WHO WOULD CALMLY SAY: 'EACH TIME I SHOOT I MISS'."



"I'D LIKE TO KNOW, PLEASE, TELL THE TRUTH, WOULD DOGGIES ACT THIS WAY? WOULD THEY PASS TWO CATS RIGHT BY AND LET THEM GET AWAY."



"OH, COME AND TELL ME, TELL ME TRUE, - CAN THESE THINGS REALLY BE, - DO LITTLE BOYS SEEK TO BE STUNG BY SOME BIG BUMBLE BEE?"



"SUPPOSE YOU SAW A SIGHT LIKE THIS, WHAT WOULD SAY OR THINK? - A GUARD SAY: 'I CAN'T SWIM AT ALL, YOU'LL HAVE TO LET HIM SINK.'

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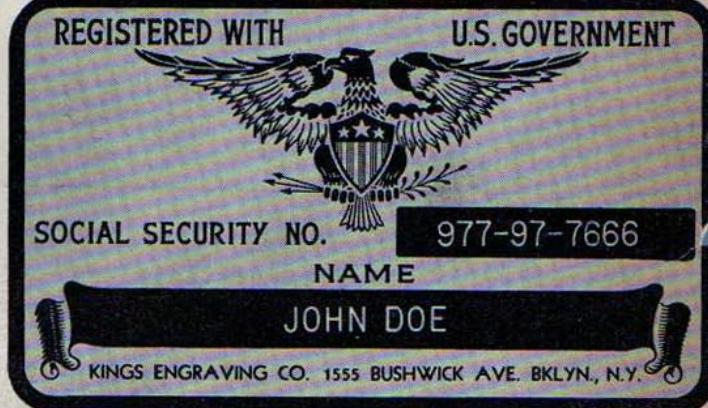
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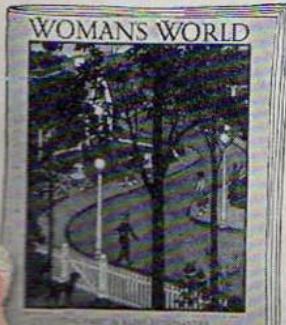
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